

>>>The Missionary<<<
and other Poems
BY
Charles H. Freer.

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THE MISSIONARY.

THE MISSIONARY

THE BANDIT CHIEF

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY

CHARLES H. FREER.

ILLUSTRATED WITH FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

CHICAGO:

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INTRODUCTORY.

As a Dramatic Poet and Reciter, the author of this Selection of Readings has few equals. The Plan of his Writings, and the purely Dramatic effect of his delivery, being such as to hold an audience completely at his mercy. In other words, they laugh when he laughs, and they weep when he weeps, and the conclusion of his Recitations are always met with the heartiest of applause.

His efforts to bring about harmony of feeling between the factions North and South, are fully appreciated by all true lovers of right; though probably most by those who stood in line before the smoking cannon, and read the strength of the unselfish manhood of their foes—"the truest soldier then, is the truest citizen now," says the author.

Because of the nature of these Readings, the author has seen fit to style the book "The Missionary," therefore has copyrighted under that name.

G. A. BEERS.

762931

Be this a pearl, intrusive sent,
To seek the soul's embattlement,
And flash its limpid lights apart
Till buried like a random dart,
Hurled earthward by the hand divine,—
It touch the deeps of bitter brine
And nerve each waiting hand to move
The pen that builds of Christ and Love.

CHARLES FREER.

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THE MISSIONARY

THE BANDIT CHIEF:

OR

THE MISSIONARY'S DOOM.

Bandits home in a cave—wall hung with fire-arms, and a motto
painted on wall, “Who enters here must surely die.”

CHIEF:

They call me Chief—in the jungle here,
Where the panther hides, and the elfin deer
With nimble form and an airy stride,
Glides down to drink of the mountain tide.

They call me Chief—where the ooziers bow,
Like the archen lash of a monarch’s brow,
And the torrents dash with a fevered roll
That tells the tale of a Stormy Soul.

They call me Chief—in this mountain home,
Where never as yet has a stranger come;
Save wandering winds with their idle words,
And mingled songs of the mountain birds.

They call me Chief—and my brawny men
Have styled our castle the Devil’s Den;
And the sooty forms that have come to dwell
Are surely rich of the rakes of hell.

They call me Chief — and the grimmy crew
Have paid the tribute, my life is due;
And I laugh ha! ha! as a Chieftain would
With a record rich with the stains of blood.

Ah, the ruddy stains! they are rich and deep
In the winding ways where the victims sleep;
And the treasures won, they are vast and new,
As a fresh-sown field of the morning dew.

Yes, here a jewel and here a gem
That lit the circle — a diadem —
From sweet Minerva or Esther ta'en,
And borrowed “dust” from the Swagart Swain

And here a diamond as clear and cold
As the heart that perished of love, of old;
A jasper hold and a golden pen
Have found their way to the Devil's Den.

A tick of time and a shining comb
That crowned the summit of some fair dome;
A tinselled chain and a locket-half,
And a snobbish snide of a photograph.

And here, ha! ha! 'tis a worldly loss!
A string of pearl! and an agate cross!
From the neck of a priest? I shall never tell;
But they found their way to this hole o' hell.

And these are trinkets that idly go
To deck the world with an outer show;
But they catch the fancy, they fill the mold,
And we trade them out for the coined gold.

A bracelet bright — and a golden band,
And these were fresh from a lady's hand!
I wonder then, did she feel the hurt
That drove her home to the mother dirt.

Well, the gems were lost! and the maid is cold!
And I hold the checks with an eager hold!
And the night-winds call as they wander by—
O spare! O spare! but she had to die.

And I laid her there by the lonely pine,
And I crossed her grave with a running vine;
And I prayed to God in a wretched way
Would He watch the home of the sleeping clay.

And I knelt me there, and I shed a tear,
As the wild winds rang to my helpless ear
Those thrilling words, they will never fly:
O spare! O spare! but she had to die.

They call me Chief — and I earned the note
When I drew the blade to that perfect throat,
And the heart went up with a mighty throe
When the crimson leapt to its banks of snow.

But the past is past, and the heart is cold,
And colder still is the curse-won gold!
And I hear the winds in their rambles tell —
Till I dash the gains to the floors of hell!

Tap at door.

Gods! what is that? 'tis a stranger's call!
Are the guards asleep? he has passed them all;
I must gather all from the littered floor,
Ere my hands shall dare to unbar the door!

Gathers hurriedly — Second rap.

Yes! Yes! indeed! did you think me deaf?
 Come down the cut at the leeward cleff!
 At the leeward cleff! where the rocks divide!
 At the inner door! on the other side!

Dons disguise, takes sword — rap at door — woman's voice: "May I come in?"

By the powers of love! 'tis a woman's voice!
 And her visit here is a sorry choice,
 For the motto reads to the stranger's eye —
 "Who enters here — he must surely die."

But what! O what! if the stranger knew
 Were the spirit form of the girl I slew?
 And the soul's return from the sable sea,
 Has a mission bent but to slaughter me.

Lady: "And must I go away?" Chief seizes bottle — kneels.

O master, thou who has crushed the flower,
 And turned the wine of my being sour!
 Give! give to me from thy purple flood
 A spirit fresh for the thirst of blood!

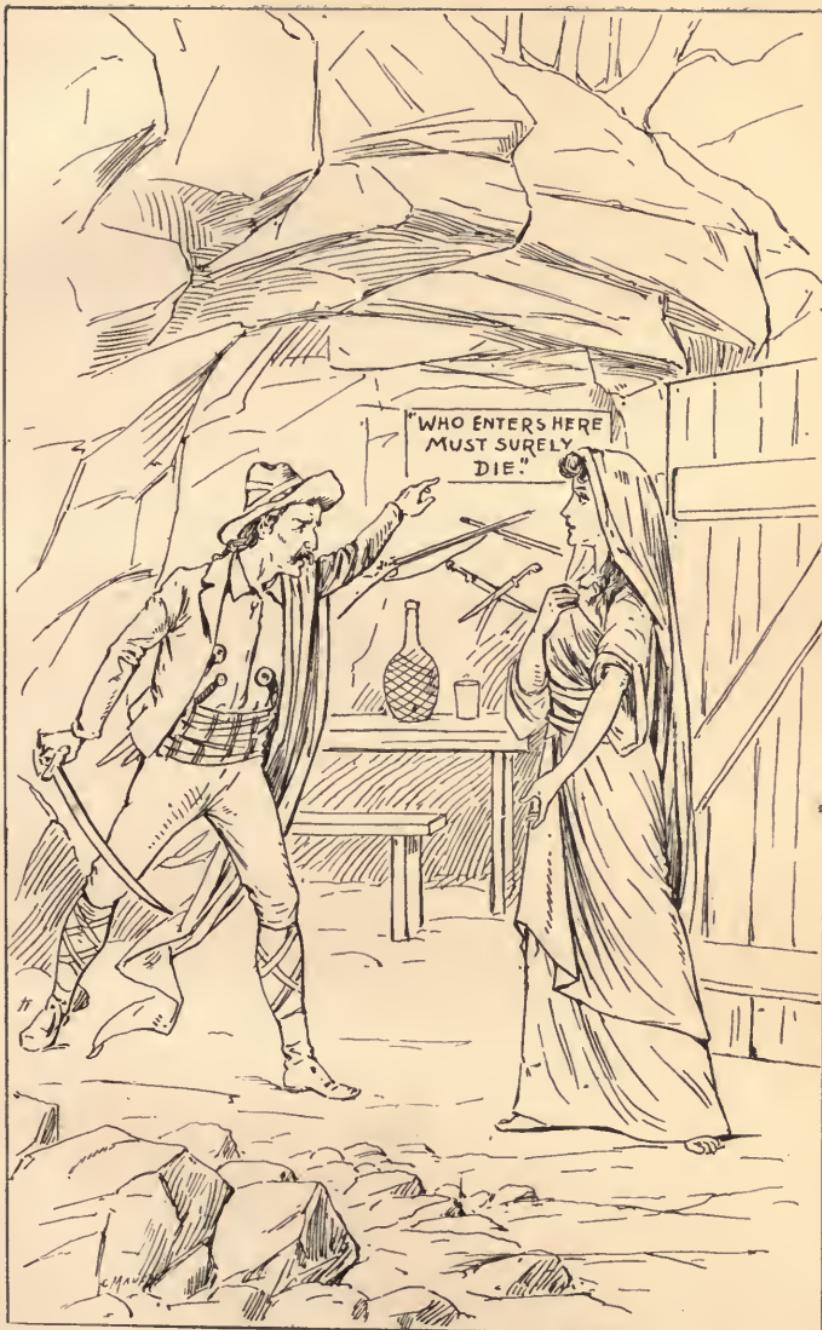
Drinks. Lady: "O will you let me in?"

Determined soul! for she lingers still,
 And to enter here is her dogged will.
 O, coward Chief! that shall hide to win!
 Be what she shall I will let her in!

Chief unlocks door, springs to center — Lady enters; Chief springs toward her — She goes bravely toward him, fearlessly too; he lifts sword as if to strike, pointing with finger of empty hand toward motto on wall.

LELAH:

Yes! yes! indeed! I see! I see!
 But praise the Lord I'm not a he;



LELAH ENTERS THE CAVE.



Just a poor weak girl with a voice of song,
And a faith in Christ that will keep me strong.

CHIEF:

Just a poor weak fool! and your mission here
Will likely end in a manner queer;
Come have a drink! don't play the fool
In this new roll of a Sunday school.

She takes glass.

LELAH:

And you offer this? Shall I drink the wine
Till my white soul sinks to the mire with thine?
Would it be thy wish that the wine should trace
Of its ruddy blight on my fair young face?

CHIEF:

Yes! yes! yes! yes! Just take her down!
One good square drink is worth a town!
It'll do you good, gal! 'twill do you good!
'Twill bring new life to yer laggard blood!

LELAH:

Would it be thy wish that a mother's prayer
Be answered back with a gurgle there?
That shadows fall on this heart of mine?
If so I will taste of the tempting wine.

CHIEF—grabbing glass :

No! no! no! no! no! no! no! no! no!
Don't drink it girl! don't drink it, no!
It's well enough for a tough like me,
But it taint quite prime for thee, for thee.

LELAH — aside :

While life remains shall hope depart ?
This bandit chief has, too, a heart;
And the blessed word in the proper way
May win him back to a better day.

CHIEF:

Here lady, here, come have a stool!
Upon my word you're wondrous cool
For one whose days on this fair land
Scarce count the fingers of one hand.

LELAH:

Scarce count the fingers of one hand ?
Why sir, I scarce can understand.
Surely not you would stoop to harm
A woman's frail defenseless form ?

CHIEF:

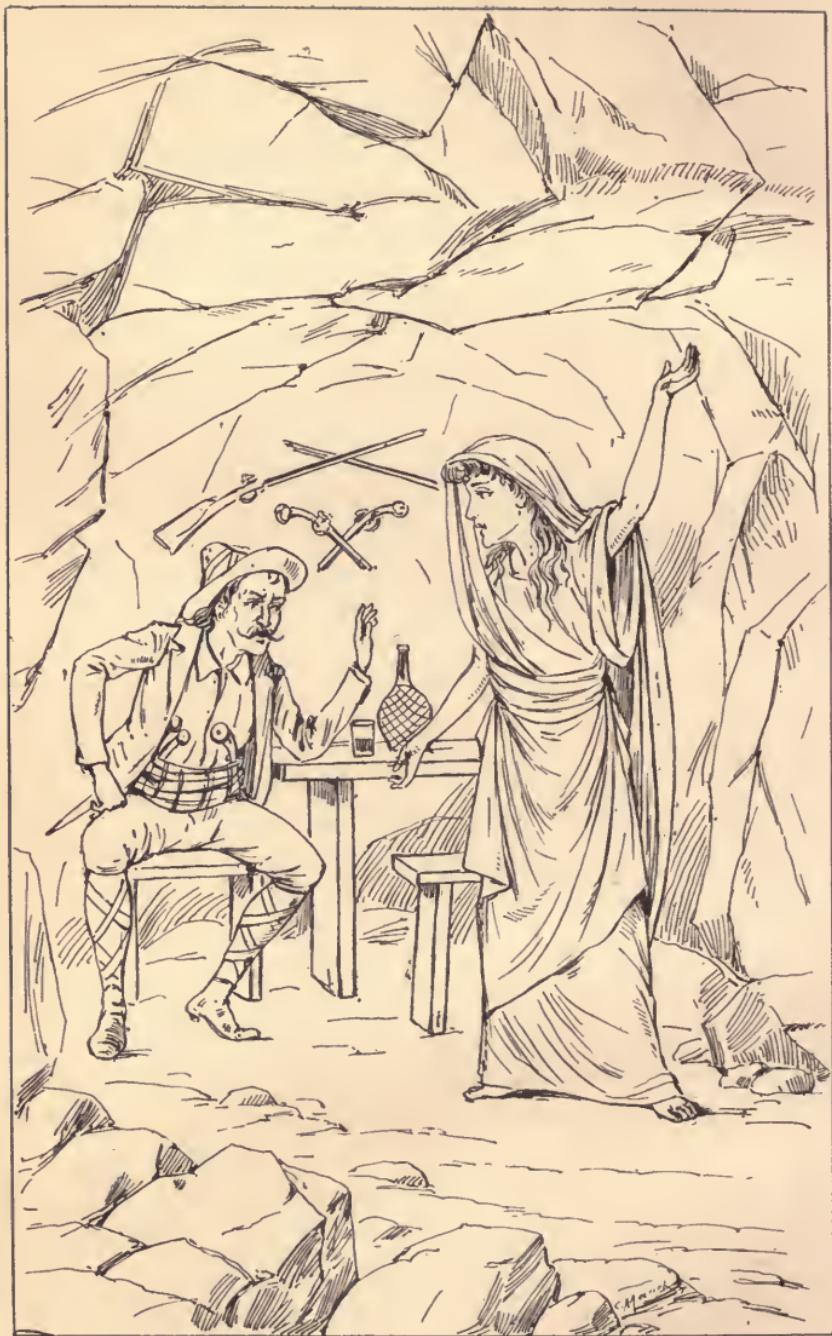
Not I ! Not I ! but they ! my band !
Would lift destruction's fevered hand
And rend thee in their vicious throes
As tempests rend the mountain rose.

LELAH:

I fear them not ! love's tender bloom
Still lifted o'er the Savior's tomb,
When earth, convulsed with deadly shocks,
Threw sulphur from her riven rocks.

CHIEF:

Ah ! true indeed ! some hearts may feel,
But here, where hearts are stone and steel,
Tell not of love ! each gleaming blade
Would lift to sm'le you while you prayed.



COME, I BESEECH YOU! WILL YOU GO?

LELAH:

Ah! he whose guidance bade me come
And search you in your mountain home,
Will stand for aye in due defense
Of duty, love and innocence.

And why? oh why? should man depart
From friends and home and kindred heart?
This surely was not heaven's plan,
Man's mercy to his fellow man.

Come, I beseech you! will you go
Back where God's great, grand orchards grow?
Back to that promise without end?
God! God! and every man your friend.

Why will you hide in jungles deep,
Where only beasts should prowl and creep?
And eagles scream, and owlets cry,
For heaven's sake! do tell me why?

You do not speak! your answer pray!
O will you? will you? come away?
Ah! surely you shall go! or I
Will never go! tho' I should die.

CHIEF:

No, no! sweet lady you must fly!
I cannot look your clear bright eye
So beaming there, a star in place
In that grand heaven of your face.

Go lady! go! I beg you, hence!
I dare not speak in your defense!

Quick as a flash! one word were said,
My grimmy crew would strike me dead.

LELAH:

They shall not harm thee! not for this,
If that my purposed plans shall miss;
Still will I bear each offered blame,
And meet unmoved death's cruel aim.

But ah! my friend, I do not fear!
My Guardian Star is ever near;
And He who ruled the stormy wave,
His arm is mighty still to save.

CHIEF:

Ah noble girl! but oh I fear
This confidence will cost you dear!
One little hour my heartless men
Will gather at the cave again.

LELAH:

Then bind me that excuse may say,
One fell into our net to-day!
And so awaits with grand report
The verdict of our sooty court.

Chief hesitates; thinks; speaks:

Then be it so, for thou art bent
To shun prevailing argument;
And yield thy life — a jewel bought
From hope's sweet cause — for naught! for naught!

Yea, even now with eyes of thought,
That dusky page so overwrought,
Takes to its blotted breast of shame
A newness of another name.

Thy name in blood ! in blood ! I say,
 Plain written there as marks of day !
 O will you go ? or will you die ?
 Thank God ! there yet is time to fly.

She looks up smiling, shakes head.

Not go ! not go ! what can it mean ?
 So like sweet heaven's border queen !
 Again, again those sad winds cry
 O spare ! O spare ! but she had to die.

Several shots, quick and near.

They come ! they come ! my dusky crew !
 Each stern address will trouble you !
 And I, in this shame drama pressed,
 Must not play lighter than the rest.

So, sit you there ! that there be room,
 Lest far too sudden come thy doom.
 Half maddened in their drunken mood
 They glory in the sight of blood.

LELAH:

I fear them not, for armored so,
 Christ-courage strikes the harder blow ;
 And gospel thrusts a tongue may deal
 Pierce deeper than the keenest steel.

Sings: " Before I'd leave my Savior I'd lay me down and die." — Is interrupted by loud kicking at the door — springs up.

BANDITS:

1 — Unbar ! unbar ! turn back the key !
 2 — We've liquor red ! 3 — and plunder free !
 4 — And jewels bright ! 5 — and gold in store !
 Throw wide the door ! throw wide the door !

Chief dons Chieftain-hat — unbars door — returns centre.
The bolts are drawn ! the bars are down !
And I, as Chief of Devil Town,
Bid welcome to the bravest band
That lifts an oath or crimson hand !

Bandits enter single file, circling Chief and singing, while they lift signs of plunder with one hand and bottle of liquor with the other.

SONG:

While mothers pray and lovers weep,
Bandittis still high revel keep,
And drink their wine (all pour drink) and shout it high,
Who enters here must surely die.

All touch glasses high in centre — swing half round in opposite direction, then repeating over: "Must Surely Die!" — turning back, sing on:

O call the cook, the feast prepare,
Then count the gains that each may share
His proper tribute from the spoil,
Remnant of a night of toil.

Cook prepares table.

O spread the feast, the wine prepare,
And place the shining glasses there,
The glasses rich with opal stain,
Like drops of blood from human vein.

The wine is sweet and blood is pure,
And death to all is stern and sure;
And while we revel still we cry,
Who enters here must surely die.



SONG: "WHO ENTERS HERE MUST SURELY DIE."

CHIEF:

Our table rich with bounties spread,
Now for a woman at the head;
What say you men? would such a phase
Return us aught of boyhood days?

BANDITS:

- 1 — A woman! yes, a dove, a priest,
 The crowning feature of our feast!
- 2 — A Daniel in a lion's den
- 3 — And we the lions — then, what then!

CHIEF:

It shall be so! a child of light
Shall crown our revel feast to-night;

Aside:

Ere yet we cry the fatal word,
We'll test the presence of the bird.

Bandits look at each other, shaking heads and mumbling — Chief leads lady forward — Lady bows, smiles: Good evening, gentlemen: Bandits grunt and seem affronted.

SI:

For twelve long years this Devil's Den
Has fondled naught but daring men,

All draw revolvers.

Nor shall its sturdy Chief depart
The laws of this imperial court.

Lelah steps forward explaining:

LELAH:

Fear not, my friends, your Chief is true!
And fetter'd still I come to you,
And beg you with imploring tear,
Why am I kept a captive here?

CHIEF — angrily:

These double bands ! this cautious strain,
And yet you ask me to explain !
My acts invoke no shamed abuse,
Nor do I cavail for excuse.

I am your target if you choose !
And quick to take the proffered news.
Or, if per favor, it be said,
Then I will meet you blade to blade.

Damned be the cur whose dotage dies
At meeting foeman eyes to eyes !
And not your Chieftain yet has stood
Portrayal of that yellow blood

SI:

Enough ! Enough ! the fault is mine;
Beg pardon sir ! and let us dine.
So place the lady at your will,
For thou art Chief and leader still !

Chief to lady:

Then at the head thy form shall rest,
All honored ! all unhappy guest;
And strive you well at this repast,
Undoubtedly it is thy last.

LELAH

My last, ha ! ha ! no stranger, no,
You really cannot mean it so;
No blight of time as yet is dressed
Above my pearly brow or breast.



DEAR FATHER: BLESS THE SPREAD OF FOOD.

Yet grant me men, of one accord,
 Return of thanks unto the Lord;
 It bringeth peace to heart and head,
 And sweetens every crum of bread.

CHIEF:

Yes we will be of one accord,
 So tell your story to the Lord.
 1—'Twill be your last long sweet Amen !
 2—Sent skyward from a Devil's Den.

All laugh coarsely — pause an 'look at her.

LELAH:

Dear Father bless this spread of food,
 That it may do our spirits good;
 And as the fertile falls of snow
 That help the sweet June roses blow,
 So feed our souls with nourishment,
 And lifting springs of pure content,
 That e'en the darkest heart may grow
 Some splendors that shall bud and blow,
 And bear the soul new-born and spiced
 And sweet before a risen Christ, Amen !

BANDITS.*

Amen ! amen ! amen ! amen !
 1—A Sunday school in a Devil's Den,
 2—And the blooming lips of a handsome lass,
 To hunt the text for the bible class.

All laugh roughly — whoopee!

DAN:

I wonder boys if her faith is good !
 Or would she faint at the loss of blood;
 Pulls revolver, and throws apple to comrade at head of table:

Here place the test, for the nerve is fine
That wavers not from the leaden line.

CHIEF:

So place her there at the temple gate!
And we'll test the truth of her pious prate
For sure as faith if the trust is weak
A coward heart from the lips will speak.

She is placed — an apple is put on her head.

So stand you there, as a statue still,
For death is sure at the slightest thrill!
And the leaden bird from its prison sped
May find a rest in the shapely head.

One counts: One, two, three — fire! Apple is down. One picks up apple, pushes finger through core, and holds it up to sight—they cheer

CHIEF:

'Twas a splendid shot! for it pierced the core
And it spared the maid from the loss of gore;
Pass 'round the wine with its ruddy shade
And we'll drink a toast to the nervy maid.

All lift glasses, about to drink.

SI:

Hold! Captain, hold! 'twas a boastless deed,
Lets push the test to a finer bede;
I'll wager gold from the very start
I could ring a bell at the lady's heart.

CHIEF:

You could ring a bell, it is plain to see
You could ring a bell,— B. E. L. L. E.;
But its ten to one you could shoot a curve
With the steady aid of your drunken nerve.

'TWAS A SPLENDID SHOT.



SI—pulling purse:

You doubt my skill ! and you term me sot!
 But I earned the name of the Fatal Shot,
 And I'll wager this to a hope in hell
 That I'll sound the tap of this tiny bell.

Tapping bell with finger—call bell.

CHIEF:

Then pile your gold, I'll cover that,
 And I'll top the pile with a Chieftain's hat;
 And I'll wager all with a single whirl
 That you miss the bell and you kill the girl.

SI—looking at target: Aside.

I will lose the name of the Fatal Shot
 If the white breast shows with a crimson spot.
 But the deed be hers, and the fault shall rest
 With the faithless move of the bleeding breast.

Business of shooting is awfully unsteady—sights several times.

CHIEF:

Still! be still! for a swaying hair
 Would stop the heart that is beating there,
 And the slightest stir as the missile flies
 Would seal the gaze of those trusting eyes.

Business shooting—bell rings—cheers.

BANDITS:

Hurrah! hurrah! he has struck the bell!
 1—And has won the gold! 2—and a hope in hell!
 3—And a Chieftain's hat! 4—and a title hot
 That hails him still as the Fatal Shot.

SI:

You call it brave, but the test was there
With the tiger nerve of the lady fair !
And the target lay like a dream of light
In the silver noon of a summer's night.

And I pressed it twice ! and I pressed it thrice
And my reedy hand was a thing of ice,
Till the heart was sure of the deadly rest
Of the target there on the dauntless breast.

And I pressed the spring, and I won the prize !
And I proved the sham of your taunting lies !
And never a stain nor a crimson spot
To steal the fame of the Fatal Shot.

Pushing gold and hat to the Chief.

Here Chieftain, here ! 'twas a friendly tilt,
Nor sin is borrowed, nor blood is spilt;
But all grows dark in the Devil's Den
When I think me over what might have been.

I'd a sister once, just a tiny maid
With a trusting heart and a nerve as staid
As the woman there with the dauntless breast,
That stood to-day in the target test.

She comes down front.

LELAH—aside:

O God ! My God ! can it be our Si !
I trusted him tho' I knew not why ;
And I lived to-day in the days now dead
When he shot the fruit from my sunny head.

SI:

Pass 'round the wine to every one !
Let's warm the blood, for the deed is done;
Drink lady ! drink ! for the drink is hot,
And you owe your life to the Fatal Shot.

LELAH—taking glass, holding high, looking at it:

Could you read the words that are written fine
On the foamy crest of the treacherous wine;
And the pages sank in the purple waste,
I do not think you would ask me taste.

I read a tale of a broken home
In the spiteful burst of the billowy foam;
And I read a tale of a settled woe
In the purple seas that lurk below.

And I read a tale of a bitter gall
In the dregs that lie at the base of all;
For they tell to me from their lips of slime
Of the final rest of a soul in crime.

O the cursed wine; for the pages read
Of the blighted hope and the crimson deed;
Of the broken heart and the lover's sigh,
And the grief-born tear of a mother's eye.

No, take the wine, for it brings me pain,
And it leads me back to a home again
That has lost a star from its cluster there,
To the night of sin — God knows the where.

SI—taking glass:

Ah ! she tells of home and a fallen star,
Of a missing soul that is dark and far;

But she never dreams of the stars that trace,
Of the skies of home on her woman face.

O gracious God ! have I gone so low !
Why do I ask when I know 'tis so ?
And must these hands, that have touched the flood,
Be redder still with a sister's blood

Should it fall to me, at the final vote,
To draw the steel to her snowy throat;
Could I face the glow of her kindly eye,
Could I stand, O God ! but she must not die.

CHIEF:

To the council men ! for the breaking day
Climbs skyward there on her wings of gray;
The night is gone with its idle sport,
And we've work to do in our sooty court.

Bring on the spoils of the plundered night,
The jewels bright and the garments light;
And the broidered hems that are deep with gold,
To the auction all, for they must be sold.

Rings auction bell.

LELAH:

“ To the auction here for they must be sold,”
What volumes lie in the words just told;
For they prove at once of a wrathful lust,
And the thieving faith of a thief's distrust.

CHIEF — rings bell again — goods being brought:
Attention all ! I've a bankrupt stock
To offer here from the auction block !

The firm is fractured and gone to — well
The goods are here and I've got to sell.

Laughs and cheers.

How much ? how much ? how much for this ?
A necklace snatched from the throat of a Miss —
Well never mind ! for the Miss is cold !
Ten dollars ! once — twice — thrice — and sold !

LELAH — shuddering :

“The maid is cold but it matters not,”
Was it a test by the Fatal Shot ?
My brother ? no ! tho' his sins are rife
I will not believe he has taken life.

CHIEF — rings bell :

Well here we go ! here's a jewel case !
And a photograph of a monkey's face !
Who bids ? who bids ? ten dollars ! no !
Say twenty-five ! right ! that's a go !

Crowd — ho ho !! ho ho !!

Well this-ere business hangs the court,
I'll make this auction quick and short:
Rings, diamonds, lockets, watches, all,
All going at one final call.

One hundred ! fifty ! that won't do !
Two hundred ! fifty ! are you through?
Three hundred ! yes ! three hundred ! gold !
Fair warning gents ! three hundred ! sold !

LELAH — looking at brother sitting near :

O could I speak to him, but vain
To court hopes pale and distant train;

One little word, one passing breath,
May haste him to a hurried death.

SI — rises; comes down front, opposite side:

She knows me ! yes, I heard her sigh,
And I read the truth in her eager eye;
I cannot smother love's old flame,
And still I dare not breathe her name.

That heartless court will soon decide,
And that decision must abide;
Their motto -- none will ever fly,
“ Who enters here must surely die.”

CHIEF — sternly:

Attention all ! come Fatal Shot,
Each member, be he king or sot,
Must fill his all important place
In trial on so grave a case.

Council gathers in circle.

My friends: the trial here in store
A stranger's entry at our door.
What does her presence signify ?

All answer — pointing motto:

“ Who enters here must surely die.”

Go Captains, go and lead her forth,
A jewel true of matchless worth.
Ah ! cruel was that fateful road
That led her to this dread abode.

And is there one would vote her free ?

All shake heads — groan.

(The court decides her penalty).

You answer no ! a union's choice,
I hear not one dissenting voice.

And is there no unguarded gape
By which the fair one may escape
In honor ? and with honor due
The judgment of our bandit crew ?

All answer: No! No! No! No!

Then be it so ! and cry the word !.
Say must she die by shot or sword ?

All lift swords.

Enough ! enough ! the verdict said
And lifted is each trusty blade.

And who among this daring row
Will volunteer to strike the blow ?
I see you tremble ! cowards all !
I issue an impartial call.

A color draft of red and black,
And each in turn must draw his check;
Plain sighted, square to every eye
The winner then must do or die.

So place the rack, a double hue
In colors perfect, rich and new;
The crimson boons a lease of breath,
The sable strikes the blow of death.

Forming n single file they draw tags in order; each passing to the opposite side after drawing, holding his tag up in full sight. Chief — after each draw keeps crying:

Not yet ! not yet ! not yet ! not yet !
Go, draftsman go, the die is set !

Go, draftsman go, the die is set !
Not yet ! not yet ! not yet ! not yet !

SI—draws black tag:

Great God ! great God ! it was my lot !

ALL CRY :

The Fatal Shot ! the Fatal Shot !
See ! see ! the cold black banner ! so
The Fatal Shot, he strikes the blow ?

CHIEF :

Then bring the victim ! place her there !
Hand-pinioned in that heavy chair ;
Now lady would you pray or sing,
Then hasten with your offering.

LELAH :

No special word, contented still
To do my Master's holy will ;
And trust the arm that ruled the wave,
That arm is mighty still to save.

CHIEF :

Then bandage well the lady's eyes,
And heaven soon shall have the prize.

TO SR.

Your station here, it is your lot,
And may you prove a fatal shot.

A beat of drum ! and be you slow,
Death, staring from that silent row,
Will speak from out her fiery heart
And snuff you with a leaden dart.

One moment ! and the ticking time
Will count it out in solemn rhyme ;



YOU SHALL NOT KILL HIM.

Each clucking note will dash a part
And fall across your beating heart.

One moment passes, still enough to hear clock tick — drum sounds.
Si springs forward with lifted sword, grabs bandage with his left hand and pulls it off — turns, drops sword.

SI:

My God! it is my sister! no!
Don't ask me strike the fatal blow!
Take my poor life and let her live!
God knows I have not more to give!

CHIEF:

Then you refuse? thus challenge fate!
And sir! you'll not have long to wait!
Your lease of life is duly sold!
Ready! aim! one, two, hold! hold!

Lelah has risen and stands before him to shield him.

LELAH:

You shall not kill him! draw your line
And shatter this poor heart of mine!
But spare! O spare my brother's life
For sister's sake! for child and wife!

CHIEF:

Undaunted still! and sweet as brave!
Full trusting in that power to save;
I bow me with revering head
And name thee Chieftain in my stead.

My noble band have followed me
O'er troubles dark and stormy sea,
Like faithful kings to do my will,
And they will grant to do it still.

Bandits all kneel on one knee and lift hats to Chief.

Then be it so! I do prefer
That each and all shall follow her,
And from this hour, this very night,
March onward to the fields of light.

Lead, noble Chieftain! lead the way!
Our hearts are burning to obey;
And where thou lead, to left or right,
We'll follow thee in every fight.

LELAH:

Then will I lead them, one and all,
To charge on Zion's lofty wall,
With wreathed spears and shields of light,
We cannot fail to win the fight?

Fall in! fall in! I'll lead you through,
Your armor shall be light and new;
It is the armor love would bring,
And marching onward we will sing:

We're marching onward to Zion, Zion, Zion,
We're marching onward to Zion, City of our Lord

Continue in song and march till curtain falls!



BAY BESSIE.—P. 37.

BAY BESSIE.

Yes, indeed ! there's no doubt all you fellows can tell
So much better than I and my jolly old pal,
What to do best, providing a tempest should come
And lay its white grip on the poor miner's home;
You would do many things, to be sure ! (in your
minds),

When the great king of clouds in its wandering finds
You have drifted to sea, it is that, nothing more,
You are helpless as tho' you were there without oar.

How well I remember an instance, not old,
When Jeff and Old Rog and myself, digging gold,
Were surprised by a visit from one of those things
Termed "tempests of terror with turbulent wings;"
We had labored all day in our alleys of dust
And had chiselled quite far in the old mountain's
bust,

The dim light of candles yet pointing the way,
And dirt had washed well all that beautiful day.

And now as the sun was just shadowing down
O'er the one lonely hut in that far mountain town,
We had stood sledge and drill by the rock-wall, and
sought

Quiet rest on the "dump" that our labors had
bought,
And expectant of naught, half in dreams of the past,
We were back with old friends in the distance at
last;

(It is strange how the heart will lean back to the old,
E'en amid the wild fevers, and fighting for gold.)

But hark! what is that so nimble-like springs
Down the rock-carpet lain, till the old canon rings?
It is Frank! Spanish Frank! and the lightning
mare rules—

To the light Loriette, he is searching for mules.
Had we seen them? ah no, not a thing for a week,
He must go farther down God's great pasture to seek,
Farther down through the rust of the old canon's
mouth,

To the springs where the trail stumbles in from the
south.

With a touch of the spur he is gone, and again,
Iron echoes come back up the steeps of the glen,
And the long shadows cross on the valley at will,
Or like ghosts slowly climb up the opposite hill;
And the pines on the peaks, where the gold fringes
lay,

Chant a requiem now for the dying of day,
The coyote crawls forth from his cavernous home
And howls a glad welcome that darkness is come.

Ah behold! said old Rog, there's a mist on the moon,
No surprise if a storm should be breaking o'er soon,
Wouldn't care to be now where that rider has come
With a prospect like this, and that distance from
home.

Mighty lucky, indeed, if he makes it at all,
Even now I can hear the old monitor call.

Ah ! there goes the Spaniard mare running at will,
They will meet just about at the top of the hill.

Said Jeff, if he makes it the chances to run,
Will sum square against him a hundred to one,
And I doubt if the mare can be forced in the face
Of a tempest that runs such a terrible race;
And Wheeler ! old chum, very neat I declare
If he slip from the mesh of this venomous snare.
To-night he had promised returning with food,
He will run heavy chances to make his words good

Put a light in the mouth of the tunnel I said,
A man might as well call aloud to the dead,
As to waste his poor breath in a hope we would
hear,
Or advance the least sound to attract a man near;
Go cry to the tempest and listen it gloat
As it crams the faint sound down your own very
throat,
Go grasp at the tempest whose passions are stirred
To speed that out-wings the most willing of birds.

But hold ! here is Wheeler ! poor man, what a sight,
His hands they are frozen, his cheeks are as white
As the drifts that lay deep on the brow of the night,
And he says (as the tears melt adown through the
frost)

God must know how I prayed, for I thought myself
lost,
And but for that light w^th its timmersome stain
I ne'er had seen Mary and baby again.

All night the wild shrieks of the tempest were sown,
All night the torn pines, sueing mercy, made moan,
All night the grim rocks, that like sentinels stood,
Were piled with the creams of that quivering flood;
All night through the casement of window and door
It sowed its white sands on the the miner's rough
floor;

All night with the darkness, and yet with the dawn,
It piled its cold touches of death on the lawn.

Ah! what of the rider whose courage must dare
To face such a fury, and what of the mare,
Behold! up the canon's sown levels they come
Like children shut out from love's beautiful home;
Slow breasting the storm in its half-broken flight
Like souls straying up from the valley of night;
Kind welcome to rider with ample of cheer,
But God in His mercy must care for the mare.

Poor creature of fate to this desolate home,
O why did the advent of chances say come;
No food can we offer, no shelter from storm,
No whispers of hope that may keep the heart warm.
To gather from sages and throw at your feet
That only starvation might force you to eat,
Would not rule to comfort, poor creature, at all,
Would only be feeding life's bitters with gall.

But say! (to the Spaniard,) now how did you fail
To get the bay beauty safe home o'er the trail ?
You see! (said the Spaniard,) poor Bessy is young,
And when the storm gathered and thickened and
stung,

And poured like a tide through the gates of a sea,
It crowded so hard on poor Bessy and me
That the mare, I suppose, kind of shied from the
track,
And the footing all soft she could not feel it back.

Some will blame the poor Filly, and others will say
It were easy to stay on the trail in this way,
Just dismount from the mare, bow your head to the
sleet,
And trace the trail easy at touch of the feet;
Now this is fine reason as any may know,
Consider that this is the first fall of snow,
The trail quite as level as rest of the ground,
And snow equal softness and depth all around.

That's folly, in earnest chum Rogers replied,
In cases like that take the wind for a guide;
Yes indeed ! take the wind, I'd have ran a queer race,
For however we turned it was square in the face;
It swept us for yards from the reach of the track,
It whirled us and trailed us and crowded us back;
It howled from the northward, it screamed from the
south,
And it forced us back down the black canon's great
mouth.

Poor Bessy was faithful as any I know,
But how could she go where no creature could go,
I can't blame you, Bessy, I don't blame you, no !
You did all you could in that ocean of snow;

You were quick to respond, you were faithful my dear,

You were brave, (never mind, boys, its only a tear),
Just a womanly moment, no more and no less,
Out of sympathy born for my beautiful Bess.

Don't mind, boys, I know you consider it weak,
But my throat gets so full when attempting to speak,
And my heart is so crammed with a weight of distress

When I think of you Bessy, poor beautiful Bess:
I can't blame you Bessy,(don't mind, boys, the tears,)
My faithful companion three wearisome years,
It comes kind o' hard after that, boys, you know,
To see Bessy buried out here in the snow.

Three days did the tempest scream terror and strife,
And reach its cold hands to rob Bessy of life;
Three days, from the crest of those mountains, the snow

Was sifted like down on the valley below;
Three days, on the reach of that valley to roam,
It piled its cold walls around Bessy's wild home;
Three days, that like years must have flown to poor Bess,

In that anguish of hunger and frozen distress.

But lo ! as a passion spends fury at last,
That tempest itself 'came a thing of the past;
And so its sown furies all trackless and mild
Lay quiet and pure as the sleep of a child.
No voice of contention, no murmur of ill,

No charge of wild legions on valley and hill;
One grand reach of silence, and softness of light
Arrayed in God's great grasping garment of white.

Fine day for adventure, said Rogers, and yet
Hard feature to go from this valley "you bet,"
Six feet on the level that carpet and more,
Each pass will be doubled a dozen times o'er;
I know, said the Spaniard, the passes are piled,
I know too my parents are troubled and wild,
Three days have they watched for my coming in
vain,
Three days have they prayed for my coming again.

But Bessy, poor Bess, I must leave to her fate,
She can't make the pass at the valleys great gate;
No more can you make it, said Rogers, no more,
You both have been sanded along the same shore.
What use for those petty vexations and tears,
Those mountains of snow are your masterly peers;
To scale them indeed, if assistance be thrown,
You might on the morrow, you cannot alone.

Again on the morrow, determined to go,
Two stalwarts press forth through the pitiless snow,
And by the exertion of muscle and mind,
And double assistance of kind unto kind;
A pride of progression, a purpose of will,
They just seem to move on the merciless hill;
The great effort conquers, the sun hardly dies
Ere they wave their brown hands in the face of the
skies.

Now the days roll along with their troubles in store,
We bang hard at the mine, we can do little more
Save to pause on the dump and to look in despair,
And conjecture the fate of that spirited mare.

She has swam the white surf and is pulling at will,
From the low nearlie shrubs on the steep of the hill
Where the snow has blown thin, and the rocks are
half bare,

She can cull just the faintest of substances there.

So we watch every day her progression, and know
That each day settles down, and slow hardens the
snow

As she climbs, faithful child of misfortune, and still
Gains a reach every day up the run of the hill.
She will win, said Old Rog, as he gazed from the
dump,

She could make the top now, it appears, at a jump,
She will make, she has made it! hurrah, never die!
See, she stands just a speck twixt the base and the
sky.

Well, we just gave our old dirty hats the best swing,
And we yelled till we made that old canon just ring,
For we knew, or at least we just thought that we
knew

As the mare was on top she would surely pull
through.

But the rider, indeed! and for shame to declare,
Once at home, nevermore sympathized with the
mare,



GO LEAD THEM.—P. 45.

And the fraud of a heart that pretended to bleed,
Never held the least right o'er the heart of the
steed.

All ambitious to gain from a charity sown,
He had grieved unto tears and had termed her his
own;
He had played the thing well, (for his own blessed
part)

And won sympathy too for a carbonate heart;
For we trusted the rhune of that adderous tongue,
And by the deceit of its murmurs were stung ;
His "can't blame you Bessy," with tears falling hot
Was a charity push for a double Jack-pot.

GO LEAD THEM.

O call the pinioned eagle down
And loose the quiet dove,
Fling out the banners of the town
On chords of yielding love;
Stuff hard the cannon's rusty throat,
The musket's mouth of blaze,
And bid a million voices float
The eloquence of praise.

So let the bells with silvered tone
Ring through the jeweled morn,
And double depth of volume thrown,
Breathe from the drinking horn;

Till like an echo sweet and long
Or anthem grand to soar,
The mingled sound of praise and song
Shall spread from shore to shore.

And North and South and East and West,
Howe'er the lines may run,
The hearts that warm a nation's breast,
O let them beat as one;
And hand to hand, as link to link
Our nation's circuit round,
There let the lips of reason drink,
And name it holy ground.

Ring up the lines of faded blue!
Of sere and fading gray!
Equip them with an armor new
Torn from the fields of May;
With royal rose and mignonette
And pansies gemmed with dew,
What matters it that cheeks are wet
When hearts are doubly true?

Go lead them down the aisle of green;
And where the pines are tall,
Where Ivy weaves its velvet screen
O'er many a fortress wall;
Where gaping trenches long and deep
Spake loud from lips of stain,
And haughty soldiers dared to weep
Above the silent slain.

Go lead them where the hillsides shone
With ranks of burnished steel,
And clouds of trouping thunders thrown
Gave answer peal for peal;
While lightning played its dazzling flame
Around the hearts of men,
And blow for blow, and claim for claim
Was answered back again.

Go lead them where the red drops fell
And where the stained tides ran,
Deep-plowed with many a hissing shell,
Swift claiming man for man;
And blue and gray commingled lay,
And night and day were one,
The while the storm-cloud dared to play
Between the earth and sun.

Go lead them where the soft dews weep
As in the days gone by,
Where quiet reigns, and comrades sleep
Who dared to do and die;
Go lead them there, each veteran king
With bowed and reverent head,
Will dare some dainty gift to fling
Above the silent dead.

Go lead them down the long lone way
So peopled yet so still,
Soft be the martial notes that stray
Each shadow-bending hill;

And soft the beat of muffled drum
Slow rolling on to rest,
The while life's troubled pendulum
Swings hard against the breast.

Go lead them there, and leading say:
God's praise! Thy will be done!
While comrades snow the sweets of May
O'er many a sleeping one;
Till piled above the common lawn
The love of life is told,
From lips that pray the brighter dawn,
And hearts of shining gold.

Here let the cold black envy die
The long black shadows sleep,
Nor let the lips of scorn decry
The heart that dares to weep;
For all the troubled past is done,
And all the future new,
Be faith by love's true purpose won
To crown the Gray and Blue.

The Ivy climbs the fortress wall
And hides the dark decay,
The voice of reason speaks to all
From floral lips of May;
And whip-poor-will with notes of ease
Pipes down the setting sun,
While o'er the reach of troubled seas
The Gray and Blue are one.

Then build love's floral arches high
And lead the brave hearts through,
And while the long-stilled voices cry
The "roll-call" of the Blue;
Let some familiar tongue of old
Ring out across the way,
And tell, as other days have told,
The "roll-call" of the Gray.

The missing ones are many now,
The bugle calls in vain;
They answer not from mountain brow,
Nor answer from the plain.
Nor yet from out the valley's deep,
Nor by the rolling stream;
They sleep that sweet befitting sleep
That knows no troubled dream.

They met us when the cannon rolled
Its dark wreaths over-head,
They met us when its lips were cold
And counted dead for dead;
They met us at the burial tide,
And in one tender way,
We laid our comrades side by side,
The Blue beside the Gray.

Some loved the brave unyielding Blue,
And fought the flag with tears;
That flag their fathers carried through
The mists of stormy years.

That flag that waved at Bunker's height,
A father's chosen gem,
Leaned out across the stormy night
And beckoned unto them.

They come! they come! from field and town!
By sylvan wood and stream!
The scourge of envy trampled down
Like love's unmeasured dream.
They come! they mingle! Blue and Gray!
That old flag overhead!
And soldiers tread the flowery way
To crown the noble dead.

SUSANNAH.

Do I love her? Mortal man!
Can you for one moment scan
Face like hers and idly say,
Do you love her? Is she gay?
Sweet to me as smiles of heaven!
It is seldom such are given,
And it puzzles me to see
How God gave that face to me.

Not so stylish, that I'll own,
As my wayward life has known;
Not so handsome? maybe not,
Here you touch a tender spot.
Let me tell you, that to me
She is beauty's garden tree,

Tho' her splendors be not laid
Under paint and powder shade.

Not the fickle "Goddess" art,
Beauty dwells around the heart;
And her beauty is a flood,
Warm and gushing in the blood.
And a touch of paradise
Ever lingers in her eyes;
Handsome? I shall term her so,
Tho' a world should answer no.

Do I love her? do I start?
Well, you crossed my beating heart
With a question that would sire
Any honest heart afire.
Yes sir! she is life to me,
Grand and gracious as a sea!
And her noble womanhood
Is an ocean vast and good.

Christened in the silver spray,
Love has scattered day by day,
And the thousand comforts planned
By her sweet and helpful hand;
Can you wonder I should feel
Keenly as a touch of steel,
Tenure of your question knife
Pointing to the throne of life.

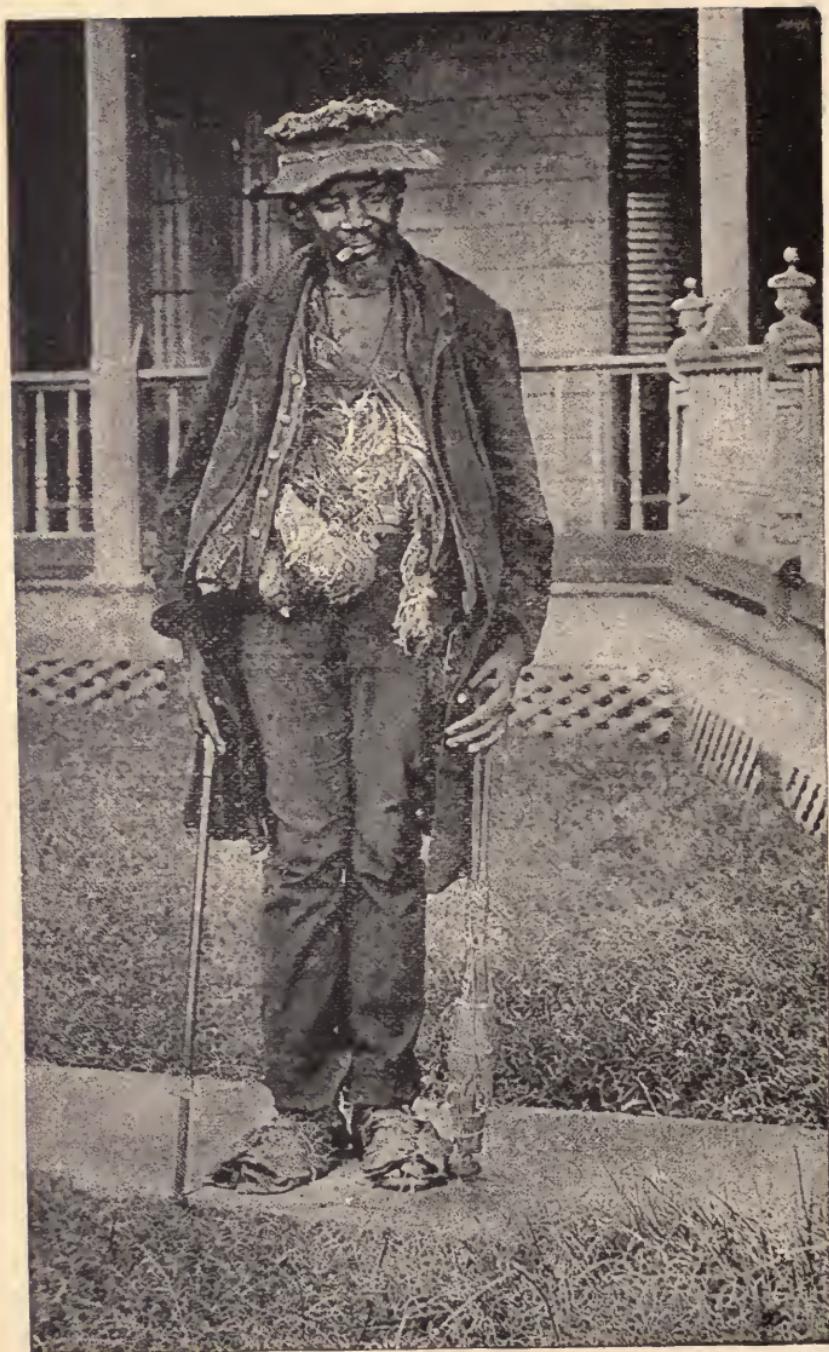
Do I love her? and how well?
Did you dream that I could tell?
Is there method yet to prove?

Proper ties that measure love ?
Deeper than the deepest sea !
Higher than the skies may be !
Farther than the border wall !
Well I love her ! that is all.

Yes, the hands are brown and tan,
Toil has made them so, my man;
Labor that has lifted woe,
That it was ! that made them so.
And her brow is over-run
By the rambles of the sun,
Pearl in bronze, and mingled true,
Sunbeams kissing eyes of blue.

When the shadows lean and stray,
And the cares of life would lay,
Mortgage on the tired soul
Drifting where the billows roll.
And the last redeeming hour
Purples like a frosted flower,
Then her presence glimmers through,
Morning-glory steeped in dew.

Do I love her ? Mortal man !
Can you for one moment scan
Face like hers and idly say:
Do you love her ? Is she gay ?
Sweet Susannah ! blessed wife !
I shall love her all my life !
Handsome ? I shall term her so,
Tho' a world should answer no.



SHREDDED BLUE.—P. 53.

SHREDDED BLUE.

OR

THEY COUNTED ME ONE OF THE MEN.

I'm only a wandering tramp,
Spending night after night on the street;
All alone with the dark and the damp,
And my thoughts more of bitter than sweet.
For they croon to me day after day
As I stalk through the streets of the town,
How the young and the fair and the gay,
With the frost-biting years may go down.
How the pangs of misfortune will come
Like a blight where the bright laurels grow;
And ghouls make invasions of home
Till its idols are shattered with woe.
But I'm only, I'm only a tramp,
Why conjecture of themes such as these,
All alone with the dark and the damp,
Chilly words of the whispering breeze.
Chilly words of the whispering breeze ?
How they moan through the boughs of the trees,
How they groan and they moan as they say:
“ You are only a tramp in the way,
But a poor ragged tramp in the way.”
How they clatter the rags at my side!
How they scream through these locks turning
gray!
As tho' pain unto them were a pride,
“ You're a poor ragged tramp in the way,
But a poor ragged tramp in the way.”

How they press their cold hands to my breast !

How they feel through these rags to my heart !
This poor raiment that once was a vest,

Scarce a vistage of warmth can impart.
And my coat, ah ! reminded of you

Takes me back to the front once again,
How you filled in the lines of the blue !

And they counted me one of the men !
Yes, they counted me one of the men !

There was plenty of room for us then !
In the lines to be filled with the blue .

There was room both for me and for you !
Well we filled it, old pard,

Yes, we filled all the room that we could ;
And it seems they are treating us hard,

I'm sure we did something of good !
When I see the old flag floating out

From casement and pillar and dome,
It seems as tho' somewhere about,

They might find us poor creatures a home.
Well, you're only a remnant of shade,

I'm only a remnant of man,
But we stood at the front when the wild music
 played,

And did all that anyone can.
At Shiloh's grim paintings of hell

We fought like two kings for a throne,
These scars from the burst of a shell

You never have fully outgrown ;
And bless me ! how faded you are,
I've heard of things overly ripe,

But (barring each honorous scar)
 You're some of the vagabond type.
You really are fading away,
 And I tell you, old friend, that to-night,
It would trouble the devil to say
 You were ever trimmed up with the bright,
Or were black or were blue or were gray,
 You've come to so dreadful a plight.
By the Gods of all wars I will say,
 I'll not don these black tatters again !
No ! I'll hurl the poor fragments away !
 They counted me one of the men !
Yes, they counted me one of the men
 When cannon boomed firey and hot,
When chances were seven to ten
 The poor soldier be slain on the spot.
When clatter of saber and shield
 Rang loud with their challenging stroke,
And chargers, wild neighing, were wheeled
 Like thunders in circles of smoke.

* * *

They counted me one of the men
 When all this wild clamor was still,
When peace like an angel, again,
 Settled down upon valley and hill.
When sabers were hung to the wall,
 And love sought the absent of years,
Till favor had answered the call
 And dewed them with valleys of tears.
They counted me one of the men,

As we marched through the throng-bordered street.

They cheer'd us, again and again,
And blossoms were strewn at our feet.

And welcome, glad welcome, was told
From eyes beaming over with bliss.

While lips that were richer than gold
Gave love back her own honeyed kiss.

But oh ! there was tidings for me,
That stung, O , they stung me so deep.

Can eyes, burning eyes, ever see ?

Can eyes, burning eyes, ever weep ?
Ah no ! not a flame-quenching tear

To soothe the wild pain at my heart,
And no ! not a zephyr was there,

To fend the warm ashes apart.
To fend the warm ashes apart,

And give back the light of my heart,
And give back the light of my home,

White arms that had ever said "come."
O lips that were sweeter than June,

Brown eyes that were limpid and deep,
Brown locks, where the wind's silken tune

Oft cradled its numbers to sleep.
Yes ! there in the ashes they lay !

Nor whiter-born ashes than they !
The light of that beautiful home,

And all that had bidden me come.
I bowed down my head, and was still,

And the lingering winds, seemed to say,—

"She has flown, to that beautiful hill,
Go away, go away, go away."

I'm only, I'm only a tramp;
They counted me one of the men.

There's a cloud hanging over the camp,
I'll go back to my hovel again,
The night is so cold, and so damp.

I'll go back to the friend that is true,
To the friend that is better than men,
Tho' it be but a shred of the blue,
I will say I am with you again!

Old acquaintance should ever be tied,
But I—somehow I feel a chagrin
Stealing down o'er a passion of pride,
And I wonder can flattery win

Back the friend I have hurled from my side?
And I wonder, if won by its song,

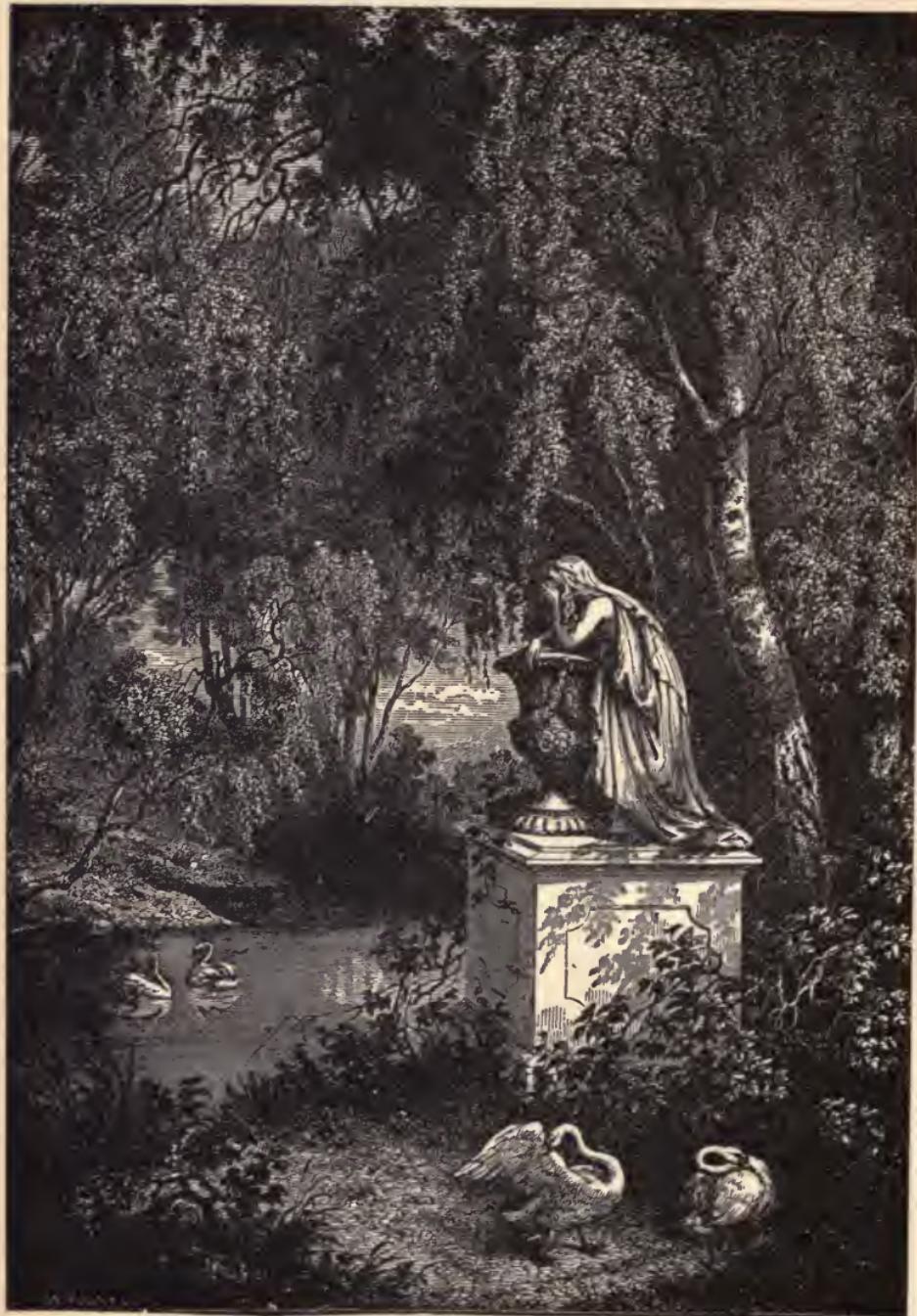
Will it be the same friend as of yore,
Will its love for my love be as strong
As the love that had known it before?

How you filled in the lines of the blue
As the ranks circled valley and glen!
How we stormed the dark woods through and
through—

And they counted me one of the men,
Yes, they counted me one of the men
As the lines circled valley and glen!

Well! we parted for many a year,
When the thunders of battle were o'er,
Until tortures that poverty's fear

Drove me back to your wide-open door.
You were scarred and disfigured and old,
 I was scarred and be-wrinkled and gray,
But you gathered me in from the cold,
 And you crowded the tempest away.
Have I shown thee a gratitude then?
 Ah indeed ! the false pride of the eyes,
How they steal from the reasons of men .
 The charms of a heart's grandest prize.
But, I'm only, I'm only a tramp,
 Gazing out at the cold silver moon.
The dews they are heavy and damp,
 And the winds strike a sorrowful tune.
As the morn leads the stars into camp,
 Do the winds strike a sorrowful tune ?
They will play for my march, through the day !
 They will waft me the roses of June
As they brought me the blossoms of May.
 They have played the wild medley of joys,
As they trailed o'er the camps in the south,
 And, they crooned lullaby for the boys
Going down at the cannon's black mouth.
 They have whispered of love and of tears,
And of hours that were heavy, and light,
 And they breath of the long vanished years,
With a voice half exultant to-night,
 As they bring back the forms of the true,
As they paint the wild battles again,
 Where you filled in the lines of the blue,
And they counted me one of the men.



THE MARBLE WAY.—P. 59.

THE MARBLE WAY.

I passed along each quiet lane,
The earth was cold and still,
For winter drew her crystal chain,
Above each quiet hill.

The leaning marble, lifted long,
Held high its page of art,
Or crooned a lay of parting song,
That quivered through the heart.

A tiny lambkin nestled here,
And there, a silent rose,
Drew from the soul a gleaming tear,
That trembled while it froze.

Still on and on my rambles led,
From chiseled stone to stone,
Till query crossed me at the bed
Of one that I had known.

Did'st read the name that art had dewed
On that imposing spire ?
'Tis sweet to all, O, "Ericshrud!"
Than soul of love and fire.

Thou king ! among a kingly few,
Who walked time's wayward sand,
And golden deeds of mercy threw
From heart and soul and hand.

No shriveled sketch of life was thine,
No meanness to the poor,
A star of trust in love to shine,
At sorrow's darkest door.

As birdlings seek the cliffy shade
When tempests shake the air,
Sweet children flew to thee for aid,
And found a father there.

And manhood with its mighty care,
Sought council day by day,
Till reason drew its circle there,
And drove the grief away.

Long may thy ashes rest in peace !
And thy dear, sacred name
Be chiseled in an endless lease,
On shining page of fame.

Rest, noble heart ! yon sunbeam hurled,
High blazing from its throne,
Like thee at death will leave the world
The brighter that it shone.



SISTER FRANKIE.—P. 61.

RUSSELL & NICHOLS

SISTER FRANKIE.

IN SPRING.

My sister,
I kissed her,
When buds were a start,
With fashion
Of passion
That tempered the heart,
And lifted,
And drifted,
And circled and drew,
A story
Of glory
From diamonds of dew.
A vendor
Of splendor
That sank to repose,
On breast of the lily
And heart of the rose.

IN SUMMER.

My sister,
I kissed her,
And guided her feet,
Through shadows,
And meadows,
And tangles of wheat.
By river

A quiver
In zephyrs of noon,
And pilfer
Of silver
Spilt down from the moon.
Through valleys,
And alleys,
And ways that were fair,
With birds pouring music
From circles of air.

IN AUTUMN.

My sister,
I kissed her,
When autumn was red.
With dotage
Of fruitage
That hung overhead.
When pleasure,
With measure,
Like opals and gold,
Shone over
The clover
That billowed and rolled.
An ocean,
In motion,
Unceasing and long,
With charm of devotion
And cypher of song.

IN WINTER.

My sister,
I kissed her,
When lakelet and land,
 Lay cold
 In the fold
Of a great jeweled hand,
 And tost
 Of a frost
With its glitter and glow,
 Found rest
 On the breast
Of the blast-beaten snow,
 And bright
 Was the light
Of the stars' silver course,
Where bells gurgled music
To master and horse.

IN MEMORY.

My sister,
I kissed her,
The kiss of a child.
 A tender
 Surrender
Impulsive and mild.
 Devotion!
 Devotion!
Indeed! it was this!
 That fed me,

And led me,
To offer that kiss.
Now older,
And bolder,
To meet her—what then?
I'd kiss her—my sister,
I'd kiss her again.

A POET'S CONSTANCY.

The morn was fresh, with odors sweet,
The dews and roses met and kissed,
How strange a human should insist,
To break the spell with noisy feet.

Well, who shall blame the human taste,
Or stay the restless ways of man?
'Twas so since first the world began,
And he its smiling features graced.

Yet, never mind, the morn was fair,
As I had said to thee at first—
On every side the blue-bells burst,
And bow'd above the maiden hair.

But hush! I've something sweet to own;
Don't breathe it to a soul around;
A secret you must hold profound—
But surely, are we quite alone!

We are? Then listen: Just one year
Since little Madge and I had met,
Yes, met and parted, don't forget,
We parted, too, with many a tear.

O, how I loved the sweet, shy queen!
Parting, we could not speak a word,
She was my bosom's singing-bird,
And separation's pangs were keen.

But O, how quick a year has fled!
To-day our happy spirits met,
Her dewy lips yet warm and wet,
As in the days that now are dead.

Ah! few, how few, can understand,
The depth of hearts' true passion lent,
When soul meets soul in pure content,
And lingers, loving, hand in hand.

See! yonder where those myrtles hide
Their globules red 'neath laurel bows;
To-day again renewed the vows,
That bind her to become my bride.

But, Jenny! child! how pale you've grown!
Why, bless you dear! what makes you start,
As tho' each sentence scorched your heart?
Your little hands are cold as stone.

Dissemble, child, I'm dazed to know
Your love for me is so intense;—

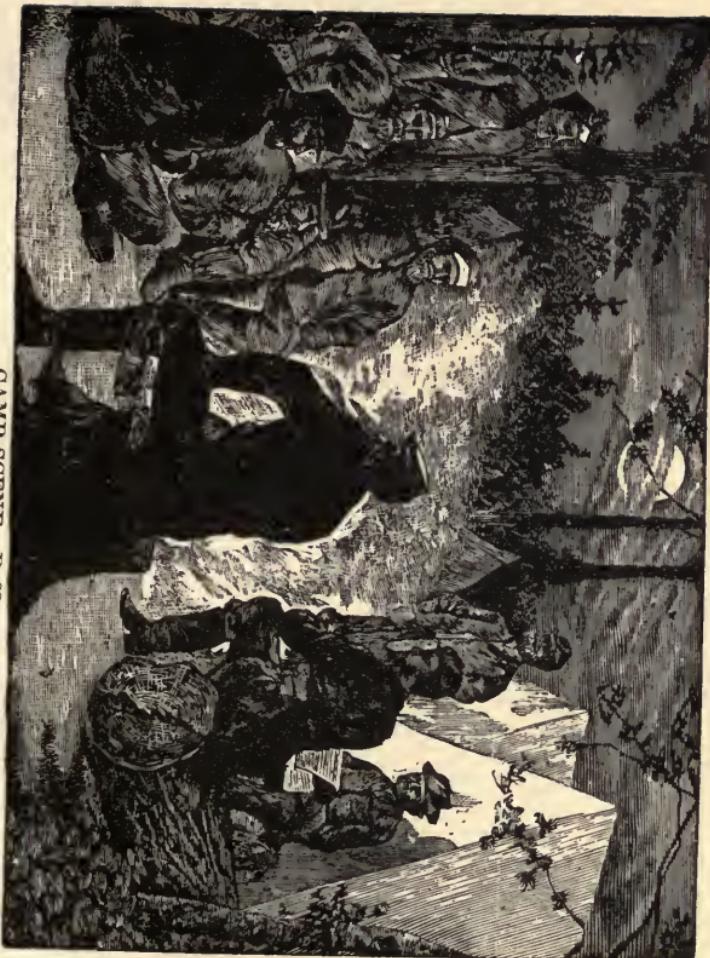
What! that your father on the fence!
It's late! I guess I'd better go.

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA.

All night, in anxious waiting lay,
The long steel lines of rebel gray,
And vainly pierced the darkness through,
To view the moving lines of blue;
As on to left, and on to right,
Like misty minions of the night,
They led their grand battalions forth,
The pride of all the shining North.

Line after line, their legions gave,
To stand by forest, nook and nave,
And, muffled mists of moving feet,
Trailed past the climbing bitter-sweet.
And faster still, and closer drew,
The brave, unflinching fields of blue
The while, like waiting tigers lay,
The long unyielding lines of gray.

And who shall tell the wrong, or right,
Or winner of this waiting fight?
Each foe has tried the foeman's steel,
Each fevered heart been made to feel,
That, though the fight be lost or found,
Each sacred inch of bloody ground,



CAMP SCENE.—P. 66.

Would cry above the soldier's grave
Where sleeps the ashes of the brave.

Now, while the brave heart dares to fret,
The morning breaks all warm and wet,
And suntides shoot their fringe of gold
Along each banner's opal fold.
Hark ! was it a random shot ?
No ! no ! the fight ! the fight ! and hot !
See how the deep lines meet and dare !
And not one coward soul is there.

“Stand for your rights and home, I say,”
Rang down the long deep lines of gray !
“Stand for the Union, stanch and true !”
Rolled down the waiting lines of blue.
Then went their bronzen hands on high,
And hard lips hurled this quick reply:
“God helping us, we stand, we stand
For Union, home and sunny land.”

Vain, vain, those awful volleys sound,
For neither gains one inch of ground,
What though the leaden missile dark,
Has gone unerring to its mark,
And all that stormy field is red,
And covered with the dual dead.
No feature of the fight is lost !
And neither counts the awful cost.

But hold ! that gray sea's tidal sweep,
Now gains a footing on the steep.

With teeth hard set, and nerves of steel,
They urge the fight, the blue lines reel,
They break, they fly, they whirl, they stand !
They meet the foeman, hand to hand !
And thick and fast as falling snows,
They rein the volleys and the blows.

God's mercy on each blazing wall,
How fast the fighting columns fall,
How like the mighty thunders meet,
The volleys and the howling sleet.
A king, a king, each mighty man,
Who dares to face that battle's van,
To face the squadron, charge and wheel,
With blades ablaze from foeman's steel.

Ah, that such lion hearts should meet,
Hearts that have never known defeat.
Advance, recede, and break for break,
They crowd the fight, they give, they take,
With eyes ablaze and bating breath,
They face the lines of volleyed death.
And meet the steel, the leaden dart,
With no accusing word at heart.

Now, close behind the lifted blade,
And e'er the booming cannonade,
High-breasted like an ocean swell,
Defiant rings the rebel yell.
They charge, they charge, they break it thro',
They sweep the mighty lines of blue,

Like dew before the morning sun,
They fly, they fly, the field is won.

Ah ! who has won, and who has lost ?
Let reason count each awful cost.
The gray may hold that bloody field,
The cunning conquered blue have wheeled
In shrewd retreat all deftly planned,
With Chattanooga safe in hand,
So when this bloody fight is done,
Both, both have lost and both have won.

Take roses where the sweetest grow,
And crown the dead, no more a foe.
Let Northern mothers come with tears,
And sow them on these Southern biers.
Let Southern sisters dare to weep,
Above the blue-braves, quiet sleep.
The while God's tenderness shall move,
And chain them in the bonds of love.

MY BROTHER'S PICTURE.

The same sweet eyes that smiled of yore,
Are smiling up at me once more.
With many a studied thought I trace
The features of a brother's face;
Indeed ! the same, yet changed in mold —
A change from youth to manhood bold ;

Yet sacred truth ne'er born to die,
Gleams sweetly from the large blue eye.

I gaze and gaze in glad surprise
I feast the mind, I feast the eyes,
The eyes upon the picture fair,
The mind on thoughts that revel where
Old winds of winter in their wrath,
Piled high, the snows upon our path.
While side by side we laughed to tread
The downy meadows where they led.

And hark ! the sleighs, the silver bells !
The trolling music as it swells !
And by the pulsing wind is tossed
Amid the glitters of the frost.
How sweet they touch the waiting ear.
Light, lightly now, then loud and clear,
With throbbing hearts they gaily tell
A tale of love, each tuneful bell.

Ring on, sweet bells, forever more !
That gladsome song, sing o'er and o'er.
While gazing here on brother's face,
I'm with you there in every place,
And friends of old are gathered round,
Their voices cross your cheery sound,
And happy songs and faces bright
Are with us there again to-night.

Long years have flown since last we met,
To tread the snow-sown parapet.



ONE YEAR AGO.—P. 71.

The downy gardens deep to plow,
And pile above each jeweled brow,
The creamy foam like hills of sky
Above the glazier's dancing eye,
Or bury deep as brothers would
Each other in the ermin flood.

Yes brother, yes, the years have flown,
Each walks in duty's ways alone.
I tread the mountains high and far
And hold you as my hopeful star,
While you in valleys far away
Still have me with you there to-day,
And what is distance dim and blue,
It cannot crowd between us two.

ONE YEAR AGO.

One year ago we sat together,
'Mid fields of clover, all blooming sweet,
You fresh and fair, as summer weather,
And I adoring at your feet.

Beyond a reach the clouds were lifting,
I had not seen their shadows rise,
Away, away, my soul was drifting,
Lost in the glory of thine eyes.

Trailed on the green, red roses blushing,
A pure full conscious fragrance flung,

While all around seemed hushing, hushing,
Chained in a dream this stammering tongue.

Could heart be filled with pure devotion
Then mine, indeed, was brimming o'er,
With swell on swell, like lofty ocean,
That lifts and lingers along the shore.

But oh, alas! those clouds prevailing,
A nearer circle in silence drew,
And hour by hour I saw thee failing
As melts the pearl-born summer's dew.

Till O, forever, that fatal hour!
That comes to any with ebon tread,
With subtle wooing had won my flower,
And left me lonely, for thou wert dead.

And still I lingered above thy pillow,
As once a lover, and loth to go,
But change had woven for me the willow,
And touched thy bosom with hands of snow.

And now from over thy grave I gather
The crimson clover of sweetest stain,
And 'mid the blessings of summer weather,
In fancy linger with thee again.

And thou art all to me as ever,
Your little fingers, I hold them so,
And pray it over, that naught may sever
That hope had welded one year ago.

MY MOTHER.

You speak of "saintly women," sir,
And I shall not oppose,
For there is one, I think of her,
And God in heaven knows,
That she is pure as any pearl,
That dreams beside the sea,
Or trembles where the fountains curl
Their bows of chastity.

The modest lily's bosom friend,
And fragile too as they,
Reticent ways that never lend
Conventions of display.
She leans above the fuchsia now,
As one intent to speak,
And pleasure paints the shining brow
And pillows on the cheek.

Yes, mother loves the shining flowers,
The "sable pencil" too,
And she can draw the tangled bowers,
And paint the diamond dew,
And she can weave the color lace
Of mountain, vale and glen,
Or reproduce the form and face
Of well remembered men.

The pansies knew her tender hands,
In summers long ago;

And from its bed of cultured sands,
She taught the rose to grow;
And from the furrow's finger-rift,
That crossed the dusky sod,
She taught a thousand plants to lift,
Their blooming souls to God.

Those dewy morns that came and went,
When mother dear was young,
Were not in idle comfort spent,
Nor wayward circles flung.
And it was labor's youthful beau,
That made the royal dare,
With honor's jeweled hands to sow,
The silver in her hair.

Did ever monarch wear a crown
More royal and more grand?
Ah, none were ever handed down,
Not by the Father's hand.
And not the coff of pompous king,
In sober truth compares
With that divine-sent offering — .
The crown my mother wears.

O soul of love, how vast and deep,
And how divinely sweet;
That watched the hours of infant sleep,
And trained my little feet;
That led me with the hand of love,
So tender, yet so strong,

That life became a cooing dove,
And time an endless song..

My mother, these are sacred words,
And nothing reigns above,
The luscious songs of crooning birds,
Have not a note of love.
That lists the lean of charmed ear,
Or binds us to another,
Like words of love when souls revere
And gently call my mother.

JEALOUSY.

O, jealousy !
Thou sullen watch-dog of the human heart,
Ungainly ghost of a most sick offense;
Through jeweled portals of the soul you dart,
Slay truth and lap the blood of innocence;
Dethroning reason in your putrid ire,
Kindling kind nature with malicious fire.

King brute of brutal passions most severe,
Lank, lurking devil of most devilish mien,
Pause thou and gaze each victim's falling tear,
And the wild ravage where thy strength hath been,
A wail of oceans, in their sombre times,
But fitful moanings for thy monster crimes.

Glass-faced and grim as winters stormy skies,
More cold to pity than the hand of death; j
You tear the glory from proud human eyes,
You ash ripe beauty with your blighting breath,
You forge the bosoms where our well-springs sleep
And mock at sorrow while your victims weep.

Thou thief of pleasure and thou fiend of pain,
Grim, dire assassin of most holy joys,
I would yield my being, but to see thee slain
From the fold that fondles thine human toys,
And I hold the proffer of sacrifice
But just to nature in reason's eyes.

Then tongues that prattle might prate in vain;
The voice of slander could wake no jar;
Such green-brake berries could never stain
The tranquil features of life's new star,
And the gall that tortures a hopeful bliss,
Could never mix with a lover's kiss.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

He had launched his boat on the channels of fame !
He had swung on the golden bar;
He had known the meed of an honored name
Tho' he fell as a falling star;

And the luminous rays that followed his track,
Still gleam as they gleamed of yore,—
Still throwing their tints of memory back
To the days of his lost “Lenore.”

Poor plaintive heart, for his doom was sealed,
And the sorrowing tears he shed■
Spoke loud of the worth of love congealed
In that anguishing bosom’s bed;
And the dark plumed raven of grief and pain,
In the sight of his mind would soar,
And crying, shriek her cries again,
Lenore, Lenore, Lenore!

Then frenzy fell o’er poet’s dreams,
And conquer’d his mighty muse,
That broke be-times from its bonds, it seems,
To glow like the morning dews.
And the magical flow of his blazing thought
Will glitter forever more,
Through the luminous lines his pen has wrought
Of the “Bells” and his “Lost Lenore.”

O tortured heart, that had loved so well,
That had tuned love’s golden lyre—
That had felt the pulse of affection swell,
And its fount of love leap higher;
That had dreamed and drank as a lover dare
At the cup still brimming o’er,
And cried the name to the nuns of air--
Lenore, Lenore, Lenore!

O faint the scroll of a jealous world,
And weak are the lies of men,
Who deign to steal of the laurels curled
O'er thy heart and hand and pen ;
To check the river that runs of truth
Through valleys of shining ore,
And dye the lily of love and youth—
Lenore, Lenore, Lenore !

'Tis vain, and false as vain, dear Poe,
The truth they cannot disguise;
A spirit-whisper "No, oh no!"
Comes down from the starry skies,
And a seraph form in robes of white
Leans down from the golden shore,
And leads you over the fields of night—
Your beautiful, lost Lenore.

AT SIOUX FALLS.

I stood by the side of a wandering stream,
In the land of the beautiful west,
And I saw the glow of a sunset beam
Creep over the water's crest,
As down the river the sunlight played,
And danced o'er the rocky wild ;
To the opposite bank there careless strayed
An Indian wife and child.



AT SIOUX FALLS.—P. 78.



The mother was dark of a dusky brown,
And her long dishevelled hair
In masses trailed from her forehead down
O'er a brow deep ridged with care;
They strayed to the brink of that bubbling tide,
Then silent awhile they stood
As the mother gazed on the water's glide,
And then on the silent wood.

She knew not then that the hated form
Of a pale-face stood so near,
She only dreamed of the sunset warm,
And the days of elk and deer;
Of the red man's chase, through the leafy wood,
Of the smoke of the wigwam low
And the light canoe that scaled the flood
In pursuit of the wounded doe.

While thus she stood with a dreamy air,
And gazed on the verdant lands,
That angel child, so sweet and fair,
Knelt down to the golden sands.
It gathered the pebbles with tiny hand,
And then with a child's delight
It threw them far on the gleaming strand
To clamor and sink from sight.

As the pebbles broke through the ether tide,
With a rhythmic sound all clear,
The mother turned her head aside,
As tho' she were pained to hear.

Then, with a sigh, she quickly turned
Her face from the child away,
Ah, well I know : this mind discerned,
What that Indian wife would say.

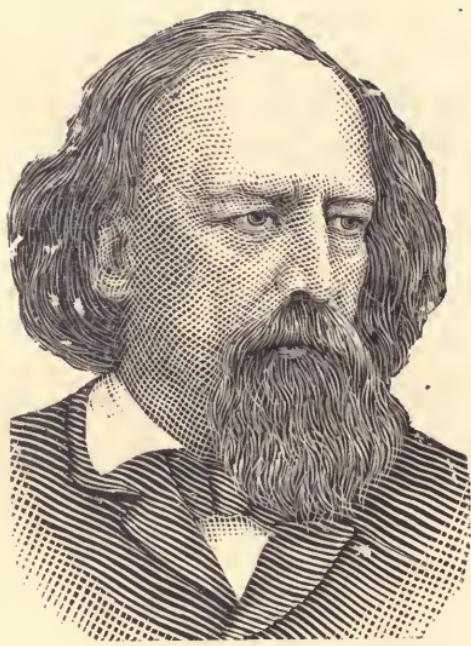
She thought of the days when a warrior bold,
Had strayed by that self-same tide,
She thought of the place where his love was told,
Just, just, on the other side;
Yes, just across on the other shore,
In the shade of that mighty tree;
Her eyes were turned to the spot once more,
When lo ! they fell on me.

Her dark eye lit with a demon light,
Her mien grew fierce and wild,
Her face was all of a stormy night
As she quickly grasped the child ;
And away, away, through the bending brush
That child and mother flew,
And I saw no more of the angry flush
That painted the tortured Sioux.

THE TEMPEST.

Heard ye not the tempest moan ?
Far winds murmur monotone ?
And the hissing splendors thrown,
From the mighty hand of love ?





LORD TENNYSON.

Heard ye not the blazing line,
Reach and kiss the mountain pine?
Was it from the hand divine,
To the monarch of the grove?

Lo! the stately head is bowed,
And the giant-winged cloud
Flaps its banners, long and loud,
Round the torn and bleeding stem.
Falling to a whisper low,
Ling'ring as if loth to go,
Weeping o'er that fatal blow,
Hark! the chanted requiem.

Sleep, O sleep, thou forest king,
Fanned no more by tempest wing,
Lowly where the blossoms spring,
And the chirping crickets call.
Lowly, 'tis the monarch's fate,
With the meek of earth to mate,
Brothers of one common state,
Pride must surely have its fall.

TO LORD TENNYSON.

“To sleep, to sleep,” far o'er the deep,
From hands divine that dare to sweep,
The deep rich chords of human souls,
And lift anew, red seas, a roll,

Replyal to each deft drawn swing,
With music grand as angels bring
When vespers call—to sleep, to sleep.
Yea, these the notes that wing to me,
From o'er the vast blue rolling sea,
To sleep, to sleep !

To sleep, to sleep ! and dost thou dream ?
Night shall not drink one golden beam,
Of that true light that like the sun,
Moves grandly on till time is done;
And all the chords thy hands have given,
Are still on earth, tho' sweet in heaven,
Beyond the night whose vigils keep
These echoes locked—to sleep, to sleep.
No, no, great heart, this shall not stay,
One gleam of thine immortal day,
To sleep, to sleep !

CHRISTMAS.

Ten thousand times ten thousand --
With accumulations sweet,
The bells in tune,
Ring out a rune,
Far down each winding street,
And kling, klang, kling and klang, kling, kling.
Each silvery note—
A bird afloat



CHRISTMAS.—P. 82.



On doubly silvered wing,
Till all the air,
Is made declare,
The truth that Christ is king,
King, king, king, king;
It rides the air,
And everywhere—
The blessed Christ is king.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
The trumpet horns are blown,
And far along, a world of song,
The blessed news is sown,
With toot, toot, toot and clang, clang, clang,
In dual tone the sounds are thrown,
And this their offering—
To wind and wave,
And starry cave,—
Too-ling, too-ling, too-ling, clang, clang,
With bell and horn,
We greet the morn
That gave the gracious king,
King, king, king, too-ling, king, too-ling,
Each breaking tone,
Is swift to own—
The blessed royal king.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
Glad hearts are swelling high,
And tongues have rang,

And lips have sang,
Their anthems to the sky,
Till o'er the distant valley
 And far across the plain
Their happy hallelujahs
 Return to them again.
Ring on sweet bells your story—
 Koling, kolang, koling,
For Christ is come in glory
 To tell us he is king, [king, king,
King, king, king, too-ling, king, too-ling, king,
Yea, Christ has come in glory—
The blessed royal king.

FLIRTATIONS.

I wrote my love (?) for a lock of her hair,
 My strange love — truly strange;
Yet loved of course, beyond compare.
My strange love answered and sent the hair,
Like a golden glance of a glory rare,
 Arranged in a sweet arrange.

I grabbed the gift, as a glad reward
 Were ta'en by a child at school,
And my heart beat high with a glad concord
Of musical praise for the sweet reward,



FLIRTATIONS.—P. 84.

A mutual blend, with the every word
From the lips of a “love-sick fool.”

I kissed the treasure, then lightly laid
The golden bow on my breast,
Then, vowing a love for the valiant maid,
The tress, where many another had laid,
Was hidden away in the hollow shade
That hungered beneath my vest.

The splendor hid, I laughing said,
'Tis only one of a score,
That lived in glory but now are dead,
'Twill soon be lost with the rest I said
This golden curl from a sunny head,
A trinket, and nothing more.

AN IMMORTAL.

There was a time in ages gone
When reason's rich and starry dawn
Lay helpless in the lap of sin.
When dotard-devils dared to win,
And shaped their dam'd and darkened ways
In slimy trails athwart the blaze
Of that grand star that lends an eye,
To glitter from love's royal sky.

There was a time when kings could dare
Lift high their jeweled hands in air,

And to the brave cry—Pompey, down !
Surveillance sir, to king and crown !
And tower'ing manhood falling prone,
Paid tribute to the pompous throne,
And like the whining cur new beat
Crept up and kissed the monarch's feet.

There was a time when labor lay
A countless mass of miry clay,
And noble deeds like trodden flowers,
Gave footing for the foppish powers.
When lords alone in vicious sway,
Dared trump the words fraternity,
And vulture dread and vengeance stood
Defiant of true brotherhood.

But lo, where crept the deepest gloom,
There blossoms bright above the tomb,
Of buried sin and deeds of hell,
A glorious flower, an "immortal,"
As sweet and fresh as ever stood
In Eden's gardened brotherhood
Of passion's stain, and status given
To weave amid the winds of heaven.

Torn from the fields of yonder light,
Borne earthward by that plumed knight,
J. Rathbone—(Yea, with reverence true,
We turn our thankful hearts to you.)
That mediator chose of God

To plant our trouble's leaden sod,
And garland all the human race.

True as the vine that sturdy grows,
To lift the new-born tendril rose,
This vine of love will lift and trace,
And crown anew the care-worn face,
Till like the broad expanse of sea
The soul-winged waves of equity
Shall lift and sway and sweetly dart
Their joys electric to the heart.

Then forward, forward, to the fight,
The battle on, each lofty knight
Does double effort all for good,
And proves the wealth of knightly blood;
And as our dashing armies meet
Tread Satan's hosts, with fiery feet,
The while our motto ever be
J. Rathbone and humanity.

A BLESSED SURRENDER.

I see the great, strong soldier stand
Confessing Christ, with lifted hand,
His bronzen cheek a brighter glow,
As, fanned by some diviner throe,
Sent skyward from a heart of steel.
A heart too proud, too proud, to feel

A mastery in aught that fell
Amid the flaming charge — the hell
That spake in tongues of molten fire,
And circled in its deadly ire,
The bravest of the brave and true,
The mighty royal ranks of blue.

And now, with all his battles done,
Life leaning toward the setting sun,
He who has bled in battles wild,
Comes as a meek and trusting child,
Submissive to the Master's call,
(The great, grand Brigadier of all)
And, laying all his armor past,
Says proudly, "O, at last, at last !
My labors done, my country free,
Lord, I surrender unto Thee."

CONSOLATION.

Shed not a tear, there is weakness in weeping,
Those that are gone are not dead, only sleeping.
Let not a chill, o'er thy lonely heart creeping,
Waver its pulse to the winds of despair.
Bow with a smile to the wants of creation,
Flowers newly bloom o'er the breasts of a nation,
Spirits move upward, from station to station,
Look for thy loved on the loftier stair.



HOME.—P. 89.

Chill are the hours, ere the morn's rosy breaking,
Dark are the dews, ere the light's tender taking.
Hope, like a dove from a drear bondage breaking,

Wings its glad flight to the Edens of bliss.

Pale are the pearls of a life-shadowed even,
Cold are the rays of a soul-hungred heaven,
Yet, doubly sweet, when the clouds all are riven,

Bathing the lips with God's merciful kiss.

Live for the right, in all duty prevailing,
Heed not the shadows that round thee are sailing,
Life hath no pleasure to borrow from wailing,

Hope hath no halo, in haunts of despair.

Life is too brief, all too brief for repining,
Rose unto rose, be its moments reclining,
Love, all the loved and the lovely entwining,

Sweet to the home of their birth must repair.

HOME.

That house wherein no mother's voice is heard,

No precious lisp of childhood's rambling tongue,
No joyous trill from flute-throat fluttering bird,

Nor gracious swell from grand old organ flung,
Is not a home.

E'en tho' its walls through deep-dyed laces smile,
And gauzy curtains, fancy-flowered with gold,

Fantastic shades of grandeur drop the while,
As looping low fold lingers upon fold,
Neath archen dome.

O children ! ye yet sweeter than the birds,
What tongue can tell the depth that we appraise ?
What picturing pen could paint the glorious words,
That one may read from thine illumining eyes ?
Ah, there is none.

The heart alone in grateful silence feels
The perfect truth, the magnitude of love,
Which no proud lip to mortal dream reveals,
Save through the voice of him who rules above,
The only One.

What tho' the rites of dim, far-distant lore
Lie, volumes deep, gilt-tinged and floral pages,
And changing lights flash o'er the sandal floor,
From chandeliers that wear the mark of ages,
'Tis cold and bare.

Not painted glass nor fossils from afar,
Not glitters lent, from spangles of the sea,
Can fill the void or swell themselves to par
With those grand idols of mortality,—
Love is not there.



LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.

LIFE'S LITTLE DAY.

Life's little day, O how briefly it lingers,
Crowned with its darkness and falling of tears,
Few sown, the sun-spots by fancy's fair fingers,
O'er the deep hollow cognomen of years.

Yet there is that, that is ever persuading,
Moving to deeds that are truly divine,
So like a great royal bloom that is fading
Sweet in its death as the days of its prime.

Dress the sweet lips with the nectars that hover.
Rich in the breath of the tide-winds of love;
Lay the soft hand where the heart-throbs may cover
Deeds duly meet for that dear home above.

Then be the day like the dart of a story,
Strange and unlearned in the quick of its sweet,
Still like a glance of the sun's burning glory
Own a bright fringe where the cloud armies meet.

SISTER SARAH.

Full many a dark and cloudy sky,
Has dawned above us, deary,
And many a day of hope gone by,
Gallanting light and cheery;

And many a bright and cheering scene,
Has touched our hearts with flora,
And many a sorrow urged between
The leaves of light and glory.

A road without a turn is long,
And some are turning ever,
And love may weave a jolly song
That sorrow dares to sever,
And still the mossy lanes of time
Will bare the echoes over,
That lifted in the early prime,
Above the fields of clover.

And so, to-night from alleys grand,
And beechen copse a-growing,
I reach and take a tender hand,
A tender youth bestowing,
And lead adown the olden ways,
That hemmed among the bowers,
And danced the light of other days
Adown the fields of flowers.

And you were there at every move,
To test the subtle weather,
And wind the heart with wreaths of love,
We always were together.
And hot or cold, in shade or shine,
The gods were still forgiving,
And thine was mine and mine was thine,
And life was worth the living.



Davidson Knowles

SISTER SARAH.

We romped the forest sweet and wild,
 My little form was airy,
And you were half a slender child,
 And half a summer fairy.
And when you sang your thrilling song
 Across the windy ocean,
I saw the little linnets throng
 Their proffers of devotion.

We trod the morning's dewy sweet,
 And on the shady mire
We trailed the prints of little feet,
 With hearts and souls afire.
Or danced the butterfly adown
 The reach of shining hours,
And watched the buzzing little brown
 Steal pollen from the flowers.

And still the moments sped us by,
 With light and shade a-quiver,
We watched their winged vessels fly
 The great eternal river,
And still their tiny freights were due,
 And some were heavy laden,
And half for me and half for you,
 A proud and handsome maiden.

They call me "mister" now, at times,
 And thus I am a straying,
Betwixt the grace of harvest primes
 And hours of mellow Maying,

And here and there a silver thread,
A shrewdness may discover,
And time may dye the raven head,
But cannot change the lover.

And you—well, you are “Misses Green,”
It beats the devil! Sarah,
And chances were as good, I ween,
That they have styled you “Ara;”
And yet, it matters little, dear,
The cognomen as given,
If we shall find the waters here
That wander into heaven.

And so I take your bronzed hand,
As in the days gone over,
And lead you o'er the shining sands,
And through the fields of clover,
And past the mile-posts of the hill,
That griefs may dare to vary,
The while that I am Charlie, still,
And you are sister Sarah.

TO ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You dipped your pen in passion dew,
And drew the lines so sweet and true,
That half a world with beamers wide
Stood wondering and electrified.

Each subtle word, like break of day,
That shoots its airy lights astray,
Went swift and sure, a shining dart,
And lodged across some beating heart;
Or lanced anew some hidden well,
That hurled its currents high to tell,
In crimson jet or pearly play,
How deep the wells of passion lay.
Then silvery age and sunny youth,
Sought for this diamonding of truth,
And starry eyes with hurried glance,
Pushed forth to meet its sweet expanse
While eager waiting eyes of age
Went slower down the glowing page,
And lingered till the sight was dim
And blurred above its golden brim.
And "it were good—O grand and good,"
Came from glad lips of womanhood;
And "it were worth a shining ten,"
Came proudly from the lips of men.
And so the critic, knowing thing,
Reached forth to clip its golden wing,
But ah, the prince, (intent to teach)
The bird had flown beyond his reach.

THE NEW YEAR.

Let the sorrowful past be past,
 Let the future break blooming and gay,
Let the sunlight of joy gather fast,
 To shine o'er life's troublesome way.
Let the tears of the widow be dried,
 Warm the heart of the orphan with cheer,
Make merry whatever betide,
 And welcome the happy new year.

Go ye down to the dungeons of woe,
 Go ye forth to the homes of despair,
Bear ye comfort wherever you go
 And your joys with the comfortless share,
Let the needy have taste of your store,
 Wash the fallen with pity's own tear,
Bow before thy loved Lord and adore,
 And welcome the happy new year.

Take the angel of love by the hand,
 And welcome her courteous train,
A balm for life's ills; she will stand
 'Twixt patients and demons of pain,
Gem portal of doom with a dew
 That falleth like pity's soft tear.
Sing anthems of glory anew,
 And welcome the happy new year.

Leave no couch-ridden patient alone
 To battle life's sorrows uncared,



THE NEW YEAR.—P. 98.

No seeds of pure kindness unsown,
Nor boon of affliction impaired ;
Take the pitiless poor by the hand,
Dry cheeks from the touch of a tear,
Draw around an affectionate band
And welcome the happy new year.

Sow pleasures wherever you go,
*A balm of sweet roses in air,
Unchained in its beautiful flow,
That flow being everywhere ;
The sweetness it makes never ends,
But on to the heart with a cheer
That comes like the voice of a friend
To welcome the happy new year.

Let hope sing her anthems of love,
Enshrined in the heart's glad abode,
Her fountains gush proudly above,
The joys that the past has bestowed ;
O angels of mercy abound
With songs that are sweet and of cheer,
With songs that are glad and profound,
To usher the happy new year.

THE MINER'S GRAVE.

In a lone defile of the mountain pass,
Where never an hour of the day the sun,
Kneels down to drink of the tides that run
Like silvery threads to a dark morass,
They had fashioned a grave so long ago,
That even the oldest did not know,
Who planned the chalice or piled the stone,
And left the sleeper alone, alone.

Here tardy morning with heavy sighs,
Stole slowly downward with weeping eyes,
And night with tenderest hush of tread,
Threw early mantle around the dead;
And here the trickle of tiny stream,
And coo of turtle and sands a-gleam,
And wave of myrtle and winds a-moan,
Made murmur ever, alone, alone.

And where the mother that waited long,
The hunted treasure, the heart of song,
And where the father with eyes of tears,
A-lean and listen for years and years ;
And where the lover that stole a-part,
To hide the sorrow, that crushed her heart,
The hollow murmur the winds have sown,
Makes answer ever, alone, alone.



KIND SISTERS.

KIND SISTERS.

MRS. OTTO KAUPP. MRS. FRANK COLE.

What words so sweet that they may tell,
The tenderness that dares to dwell-

In those dear hearts?

Like snow-birds dressed in robes of white,
They throw their darts of hope and light,
And grief departs.

Some tale is told of wrong or woe,
And do they hesitate to go?

I answer plain,

Like angels sweet from God's deep sky,
On willing feet they fairly fly,
To silence pain.

It matters not the weight of creed,
If that a saddened soul shall bleed
In deep distress.

With lifted hands in haste they move,
To labor in the rights of love
And righteousness.

Great God! from lowly bended knees,
We thank thee for such gifts as these,
And weeping say—

When gathered at the Master's feet,
E'en heaven's self will be more sweet,
With such as they.

HO ! LAND OF THE WEST.

Ho ! land of the bounteous west,
Of prairies wide and wild,
Thy rambling winds, once sweetly dressed
The brow of a laughing child.

Blue-linked are thy lakelets spread,
All bordered with sands of gold,
And still more blue the heaven's o'er head,
Where gossamere glories fold.

Ho ! land of the glorious west,
No other land so fair;
An emerald charm on nature's breast,
Luring and lingering there.

Land where the wild rose sways,
A glory to childhood's eyes;
Seemingly fair as a meteor's blaze
When wandering down the skies.

Land of my childhood's home—
The dearest still and best,
Hand in hand with love to roam
We trained on thy velvet breast.

Soft, soft are thy skies, O land,
Thy sunbeams doubly bright,
And the friendly clasp of many a hand
Still lingers with me to-night.



HO! LAND OF THE WEST.—P. 100.

Dear land, I have wandered away,
From thy garland of glories rare,
Thy bounteous morn, thy brighter day
And the kiss of thy amber air.

I have drank of the change of clime,
I have salied the darksome sea
But, land of my heart ! thou art ever sublime,
And dearest of all to me.

SLEEPING.

Lay him gently down to rest,
Never more
Will a torture haunt his breast,
Life is o'er.
Place above his manly form,
Flower and leaf,
Wet with teardrops falling warm,
Tears of grief.
Mark the spot with tender care,
And the cross,
Let it stand a guardian there
Of our loss.
Let the stranger lightly tread,
Here profound
Rests the pure and noble dead,
Hallowed ground.

Let the living bear in trust,
 Neath this sod,
Lies the body's humble dust,
 Not the spirit gone to God.

SYMPATHY.

Dear dove, I hear thy plaintive coo,
And fiercely, fondly fly to you.
Old love now lit with new-found zeal,
Deep quivers through my heart-strings steal,
And once again, just as of yore,
I love thee, claim thee, and adore.

O, how could you through all these years,
Choke that incessant rise of tears ?
How hide those signs of silent truth,
That burned upon thy brow in youth ?
How silent sit in grief each day,
And let me wander thus away ?

How much of joy and happy hours,
We might have spent mid birds and flowers,
Is swept with time's incessant flow,
Away, because you lingered so.
For shame ! indeed, we can't recall
Those moments lost at all, at all.

Yet, loved one, thou shouldst not complain,
Thy Charlie comes to thee again;

So darling, thou so long distressed.
Smile up again for thou art blessed.
Aye, blessed, for now he loves thee more
Than ever mortal dared before.

O, angel thou ! in future years,
Strive not to hide love's tell-tale tears.
Nay ! let them flow,— nor deem it weak,
I'd gladly wipe them from thy cheek,
Nor deem those scarlet floods arise,
Less lovely than the sunset skies.

Now darling, take this kind advice,
Thou bright-plumed bird of paradise,
O grieve again no more, no more,
O'er mournful past of "mystic lore,"
Nay, choke thy conscience ne'er again
With bitter longing's lonesome pain.

Nay, never more again allow
A blush of love that tints thy brow
To pale unseen, or in disguise
To hide from thy dear Charlie's eyes;
You've but to spread your lavish charms,
And fold him in your snowy arms.

A CALIFORNIA FOURTH.

The night had dropped her dewy wings in slumbering silence down,
And pulsing zephyrs calmly kissed the corners of the town,
When lo ! along the corridors of time-tides uncontrolled,
A tidal rush of melodies, Æolian wavelets, rolled.

While yet the sweet vibrations hang and tremble on the air,
A lurid bonfire paints the sky with crimson-tinted glare,
And troubled drums and loud hurrahs and anvil clash and roar,
Are echoed with the ocean waves that break along the shore.

Hurrah, hurrah, for liberty ! for glory and for state !
And freedom breathes her balmy breath up through the “golden gate,”
While cannon toss their thunder notes across the ether tide,
To rollaway along the bay and up the mountain side.

Day breaks, and waves her gilded plume out o'er the world afar,
And brushes from the ether dome the fading morning star.

Light zephyrs wave the spangled grass and diadems
a crown,
Their slender stems in silence slip in silver trickles
down.

I see the starry flag unfurl above each gilded spire,
I hear the martial music roll its echoes higher, higher!
And freedom, echoes freedom, across the land of gold,
By wayward notes of music in double answers told.

O land of pride and pleasure, beside the rolling sea,
May freedom, like these opal waves, forever roll to
thee,
And all thy pearly borders, the waters washing
Be freedom's everlasting goal—a nation's proud
delight.

MOONLIGHT.

When vesper bells are chiming low,
And dimpled daisies blooming,
And night comes stealing soft and slow,
To fling around its glooming;
I love to wander in the groves,
And pluck the dewy flowers,
Or trace the streamlet where it roves
Through wavy woodland bowers.

Or when the moonbeam sweet and fair,
Its floods of glory throwing,

Steps lightly on the maiden-hair,
In silken tresses flowing ;
Or trips with feet of deeper light,
Upon the placid waters
I love to linger in the night
With Deacon Jones' daughters.

And when the moon has touched the hill,
And from the sight is darting,
And dear Miss Jones turns up her bill,
For kisses e'er the parting ;
I love to have the moon go slow—
To linger in its travel,
Until the kisses cease to flow,
And I am scratching gravel.

THE SWEETEST GIFT.

By the gracious hand of woman was the banner
given thee,
From the gracious heart of woman emulation of
her love,
Pure in perfect sense of splendor, golden symbol of
the free !
Kissed in modesty of purpose and the image of
the dove.

From the garden of her feelings and the glories of
her mind,



GOOD-BYE.—P. 107.

She has garnered all the grandeur that discern-
ment well may hold,
Woven 'mid a woof of tinsel, all the splendors of
her kind,
And has given thee the record on an ample page
of gold.

Drifting with the breath of morning, by the noon-
tide zephyrs fann'd,
On the silken air of evening light those banner
spangles shift,
O, the honor of receiving from a woman's blessed
hand,
For the sweetest gift of giving is a woman's gra-
cious gift.

GOOD-BY.

And must we say good-by, good-by,
With touch of hand and dewy eye,
And heart-throb heaving hot and high.
Alas, alas ! those sad, low words,
So like the plaintive notes of birds
Storm-tossed amid the winds that move,
And hungered for the bread of love.
We come to thee with hearts a-swell
With that our lips can never tell,
In silence hold your hand in ours,

As one would hold love's dying flowers.
And searching through our tears we trace
Each grand regret that paints the face,
And lifts the broad heart high and free
In throbs of soul-felt sympathy.
And mirthless, meek attempts of cheers,
That mingled with our hopeless tears
Some crystal dews, divine distilled
From heart of thine, so overfilled
With God's great gushing tenderness,
That bowed above our deep distress,
You lift love's livid lips and cry—
God help us all ! good-by, good-by !

I GO TO-MORROW.

TO MISS CONRAD.

"I go to-morrow," this you said,
With steady eyes and lifted head,
And as I viewed you standing there,
A feeling, something of despair,
Shot homeward like an arrow dart
And lodged across my beating heart.

Strange coincident ! we've rarely met,
I hardly dare to know you yet,
And yet (excuse my weak defense)
I feel to grant you confidence;

For in those eyes' deep lakes I see
A glance of great soul-sympathy.

A word, you took my heart by storm,
And led me down the valleys warm
Past evergreens and shining bays,
And brooklets mouthing sweet with praise,
A hand-reach of the "Golden Stair,"
You led me — and you left me there.

And now to-morrow you must go,
Ah, sad that I have known you so ;
To suffer now that silent pain
That comes with friendship's parted chain,
And still these hard lips break apart—
God bless thee ! wheresoe'er thou art.

Ah, that to-morrow ! friends will say--
To-morrow is a speedy day;
One little moon, ah, sad 'tis so,
One little moon and you will go.
Ah, could I change time's dial-face,
I'd steal to-morrow from its place.

Yet such is life, a fleeting breath,
A sunbeam on the brow of death,
A spangle on time's borders sown,
'Twixt that we know and the unknown,
O how we miss life's truant good,
Your going makes this understood.

You may not grieve, nor feel the loss,
The gold is yours—ours is the dross,
That dross of time that seems to tend
The advent of our loss—a friend—
And here a double loss betide,
Thou wert to us a friend and guide.

FRIENDS IN POESY.

We stand in the doorway of doubt;
Hark! the whirlwind of time sweeps by—
Half frightened we gaze on the mystical out,
The shadows and sunshine all scattered about,
Over-hung by the blue-vaulted sky.

Shall we make an advance to the world,
That shall shatter the clouds as they fly?
Or sit with our flags calmly furled,
Seeing all that is beautiful hurled
With the tempest, and fear to reply?

Lend an arm to the poets of old,
Seize the past by its shadowy hand,
Let our challenges ring till the city of gold,
Echoes back the sweet songs that our forefathers
told,
As around the bright altar we stand.

DOES HE?

Does the grasshopper sing that same old song?

Does he cling just as close to the vine?

Does he gather his friends in a magical throng,
More ravenous far than swine?

Does he sap the shoots of the emerald wheat
That tower o'er the verdant slope?

Does he cling as ever, a pure dead-beat,
To feed on the flowers of hope?

Does he thrill the air with his breezy wings?
Does he laugh on the odorous wind,
While his neighbor's wife sits by and sings
Of the ruin that's left behind?

And after all is the bug to blame?
His morals are dreadfully low;
But other people have done the same
And never been asked to go.

They jumped the bounty in sixty-three,
And clambered the garden wall,
And now they circle the country free,
The hopper must shoulder all.

To jump the bounty and jump a claim,
Is glory and heaps of fun,
But if a hopper shall do the same
Why he! he's a "son of a gun."

MISFORTUNE.

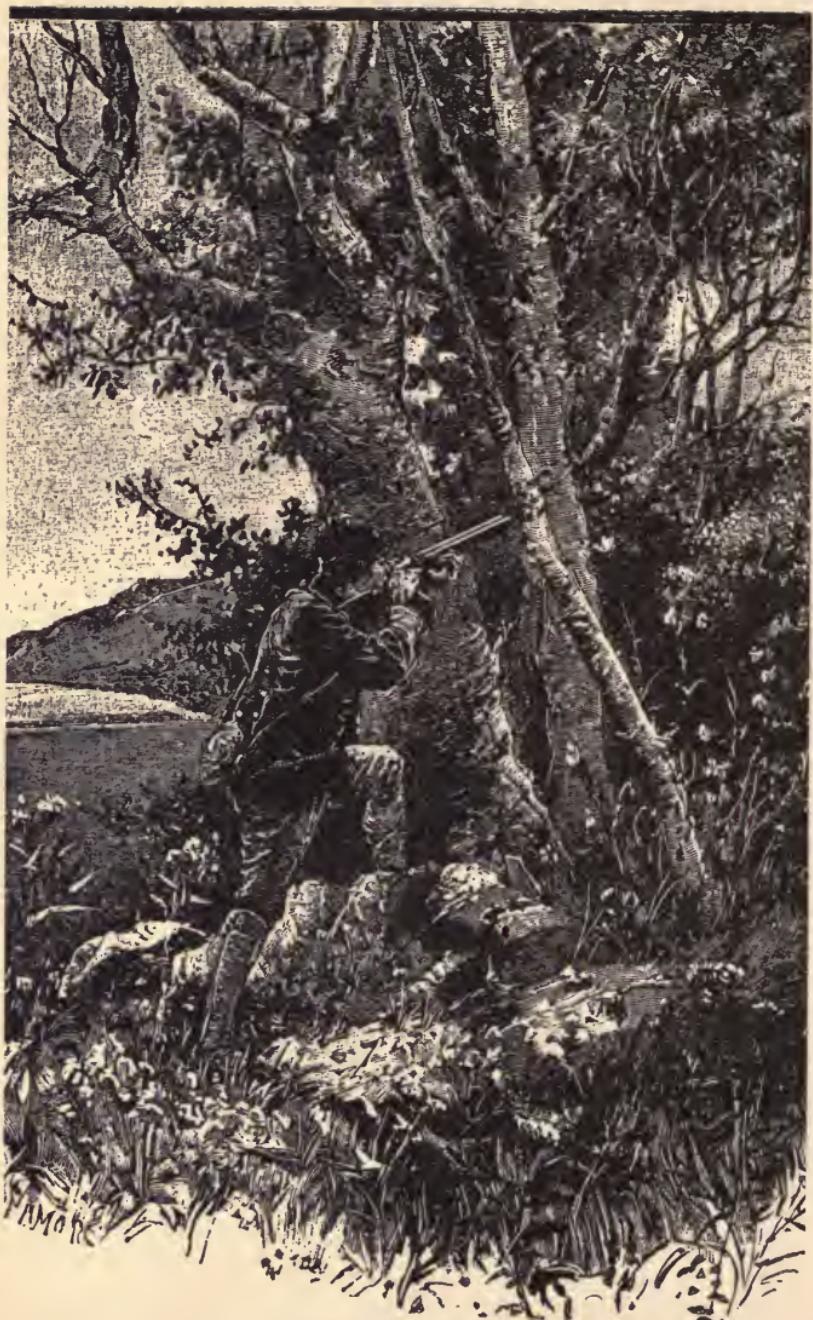
O fortune is fickle and friends they are few,
When once you have nothing to pay,
Your neighbors will cut you and bid you adieu,
And pass from your presence away.

It matters but little the cause of your fall,
Misfortune is counted a crime,
You ask for a twenty, they say "you have gall,"
And falter at giving a dime.

You visit their places—your clothes they are poor,
Your face is all furrows and tan—
They'll question your mission outside of the door
Nor ask you come in, like a man.

They fail to remember the days that are gone,
When life held its measures of sweet,
Before the dark shadows crept over the dawn,
And scattered the thorns for your feet.

Through fields of blown roses in summers gone by,
Ah, they were your lovers of old,
But shameful misfortune made reason to fly
And hide in its coffin of gold.



GLORIOUS.—P. 113.

GLORIOUS.

There's a glorious beam in the eye of the morn,
As its rays shoot across the sweet heather,
And dew-spangles rain from the tall tasseled corn,
At touch of the soft autumn weather.

There's a glorious song in the soft amber air,
As it throbs o'er the bronze-barren meadows,
Or trails in the forest till branches are bare,
Where leaves rain their gold-dappled shadows.

There's a glorious voice in the whispering stream,
Half akin to a prayer of devotion,
As it glides on and on like an unbroken dream,
Until lost in the terrible ocean.

There's a glorious stain in the soft garden aisles,
That, pale in its beauty, discloses,
To dreamy-eyed maidens of questioning smiles,
Where slumbers the ashes of roses.

There's a glorious charm in the voice of the eyes,
When ruled by love's passionate flutter,
It learns from the heart with its ready reply,
That proudest of lips could not utter.

There's a glorious fountain of joy in the heart,
And it whirls to an ocean of bliss;
When eyes gleam aloof as the coral lips part
To drink of our sweet autumn kisses.

There's a glorious spell when the curtains of night,
Are rich with the moon's trailing splendor,
And sleep treads the breast in her garments of light,
And sows it with dreams that are tender.

A CROWN OF LOVE.

Our neighbors have woven a costlier crown
Than circles the brow of a queen,
With hands that were golden and hands that were
brown,
And hands that wore colors between—
The rose-pink of morning, the amber of noon,
The daffodil-dun, and the break,
And orange of autumn that fades over-soon
With lilies that laugh on the lake.

With fingers all taper and fingers all tan,
And fingers rich circled and plain,
Each brought forth a jewel to weave in the plan,
Quite royal in polish and stain.
The crystal of pathos, the carmine of love,
The ruby of hope burning high,
And patience, sweet patience, that comes from above
As starlight falls down from the sky.

So, circle on circle the coronet rose,
Each weaver swift placing her part,
Each jewel displacing some fragment of woes,
That lingered to torture the heart.

Till bright in its consummate splendors it lay,
Like summer-sown seasons of rest,
A new benediction of beautiful day
That shone like a star in the breast.

Of coral, of amber, of sapphire and gold,
The crown of a queen may have birth;
Compared with affection, how ragged and cold,
How helpless, how lacking of worth.
The hands that are helpful are holy and dear,
And warm with ambition's glad fire,
And lips that breathe comfort are sweeter to hear
Than tabor or cimbal or lyre.

And so we accepted this jewelous plan,
And wreathed it with fame's sweetest flowers,
As gift of all giving, most gracious to man,
Most helpful in darkest of hours.
And far through the weaving we cautiously trace,
Like jewel with jewel to blend,
The sunshine of heaven that touches the face,
Of helper and neighbor and friend.

God prosper the weavers wherever they go,
O lead them with tenderest care,
Through valleys wide sheltered from seasons of woe,
And far from the walks of despair.
And when the great trumpet shall sound from the
throne,
With echoes that wander and quiver,
Let none meet the dark, troubled waters alone,
God pilot them over the river.

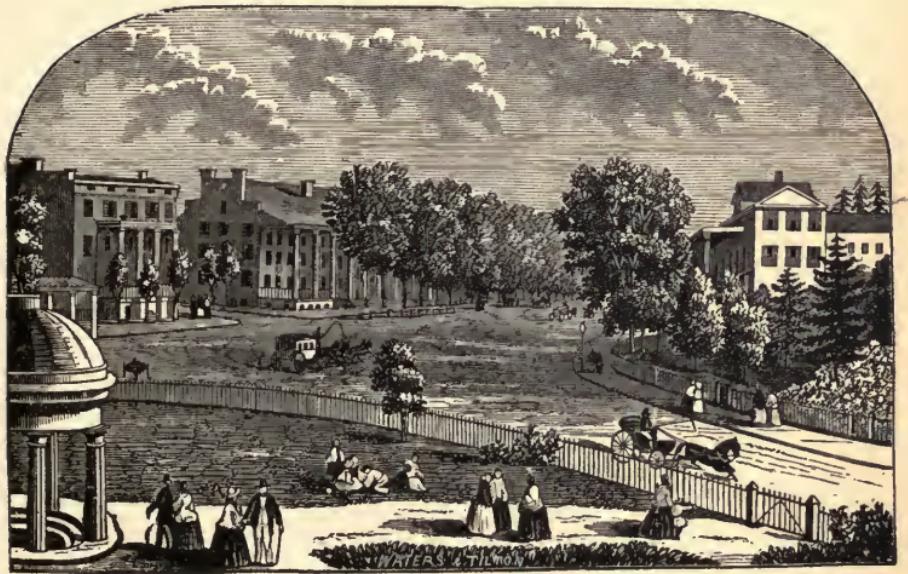
NEW WREATHS.

Say, have you woven a wreath to-day
To drop on the grave of the slumbering "gray?"
Have you searched the valleys and brought anew
A royal crown for the silent "blue?"
Have you sought with fervor the hill and plain
That sweet from the gardens of God be ta'en—
The calla lily, the queen of bloom,
A crown befitting a dual tomb?

Have you placed the hand as a signet, so,
On the great pure heart with its steady throe?
Have you raised the eyes with a tender care,
And the soul-filled voice with an earnest prayer?
Did you call the name of the Master, King,
As you doled the wealth of your offering?
O God, forever thy will be done,
To crown in glory the twain, as one.

The great dark days and the shadows sleep
In the vast expanse of a nameless deep,
And the sunbeams play with a golden flood
Where the lichens blushed with the stain of blood,
And the night steals on and the moonbeams meet
On the quiet field, till the glowing feet
Of the rushing day, with its banners red,
Returns its watch to the waiting dead.

Do the sunbeams dream in a colder way,
On the stillness there that has crowned the gray?



NEW WREATHS.—P. 116.

Do they dance adown with a lesser hue
To the sleeping couch of the valiant blue?
Do they darken half with a strange divide,
Where the dauntless kings sleep side by side?
God grant it not, is the motto true,
That rings to-day from the remnant blue.

And so forever the bravest stand
In god's great presence with open hand,
And so, forever, the bravest hold
To lips of valor love's cup of gold;
And so forever from north and south,
It goes a glimmer from mouth to mouth;
God grant it so, 'tis the bugle play,
Blown from the lips of the remnant gray.

And this, O this, is the crucial test,
That calls the soul to its highest, best,
And this the effort that carried through,
Will test the diamond as false or true,
So from storms and their bitter swell,
Out from the jaws of a very hell,
Cleansed and sweet as the breath of May,
Comes the armies of blue and gray.

Northern laurel and Southern pine,
Weave them ever with hands divine,
Weave them ever that fame may vow,
Each befitting the crowned brow;
Weave them under and wave them through,
Jeweled deep with affection's dew;

Tears that glimmer as words would hold
Souls of honor in drops of gold.

Bring the bugle and sound the call,
Sound the rally to one and all;
Not a summons to dress parade,
Not the council of one brigade,
Not the capture of army corps,
Lent to linger along the shore,
Kingly gray and the kingly blue
Sound the bugle for grand review.

O the silence, the fall of tears,
Where to-day are the mighty cheers?
Where the banners that swayed and curled?
Martial travail that shook the world;
Stately tremble of falling feet,
Rolling ever as oceans meet,
Rolling ever as oceans roll
Stearn and steady from pole to pole.

Right oblique there! close the lines!
Once again are the howling pines
Steaming hot with the molten lead;
Once again are the fields of dead
Drenched and deep with the crimson tide,
Hope deferring and death defied!
Once again! but the storm is still,
Peace, sweet peace is the Master's will.

Peace, sweet peace, and the bugles play
Love's sweet measures to crown the day,

Peace, sweet peace, and the flowers rest
Deep as love on the silent breast.
Peace, sweet peace, and its blessings fall
Rich as love on the hearts of all.
Peace, sweet peace, and its comforts are,
Hope's sweet path to the morning star.

SALLY CAHOON.

They called her "Sally" just for short,
But in that grand and higher court,
Where God's best chosen meet and move,
And mingle through the mists of love,
And harp-strings dawn their sweet acclaim,
They'll know her by some better name.

Unselfish soul ! not brighter star
Shines from the great high seas afar,
Nor better bloom examples bring
From love-sown fields of blossoming;
As tower-light gleams across the flood,
So did she gleam and glow for good.

Ah, blessed life, that souls may stand
And testify thine helping hand,
And lips may tell when shadows dart
Above the deep and silent heart.
She sleeps, the while her chapter reads
Of naught but brave and noble deeds.

THE HORSEMAN'S IDEAL.

An eagle scream and the mighty steed
Had braced his muscles and given heed,
And the lever slid and the racer sped
With a vengeful snort from his iron bed;
And he called aloud to the waiting night,
To heed the speed of his wayward flight.
For his lungs were new and his courage bold,
And his blazing eye in a fury told
That his heart was light and his soul aflame,
For a record new to the page of fame.

And, O my !
Did'nt he fly !
Speak of a glance of the human eye,
Bless your body ! it doesn't bare
Any sort of a true compare !
Mercy, no !
O, its too slow !
May seem funny and yet 'tis so !
Down the valley !
And round the curve !
Never the sign of a single swerve,
Old aunt Sally !
But wasn't he
Just a screamin' the key of C.
Touch the throttle and choke him down;
Pause a moment to greet the town,
Brace the furnace and pull the bell,

Look at the dial and note it well.
Mind the lever a moment, hold !
Hope is heavy and life is gold,
Chance is cunning and freedom sweet,
Take the shackles off the feet.
Slide the lever and loose the rein,
Not the burden of winding chain,
Not the mettle of woven thong,
Stands disputing the way too long,
Give the muscles a chance to play,
Olden records will melt away.

Full of ire,
Spitting fire,
Reaching out for the end of space,
Tell no more of the speed of light;
Not a messenger born to flight
Ever need,
Speak of speed.

Fully neck and a nose the lead,
Boiling babbitt, and blazing flue,
See him gather and reach and climb,
Dead in earnest to scoop the time.
O Jerusalem ! Jonathan ! John !
Down brakes ! goodness sakes !

Record beaten ? why of course ?
Speed enough for a trotting horse !

MEDITATION.

I dream in the shadows, I dream alone,
And the night is dark and chill,
Save low winds murmur in monotone
And mutter their mournful will.

I dream the moment's away, alack !
And night moves on apace,
As I dream the long still voices back,
And many a sweet gone face.

The ivy rustles, the church-yard gate
Swings wearily to and fro,
While the heart calls hard for its olden mate
Of the sweet, lost long ago.

A mist has gathered and dims the eyes,
And the heart seems faint and weak,
As memory paints of the pallid dyes
That lay on the lost one's cheek.

O, winds of winter, your icy breath
Falls hard on this fevered heart,
You sound the tremor of soulless death
From over the tomb's dark mart.

I close the shutters, I drink my wine,
And the moonbeams tip the pane,
And hope is breathing "the last of thine
Will come, like flowers, again."

NATURE'S CAST.

How gently doth the bosom burn,
When sweet the muse that lingers,
To draw her cast from nature's urn
With fancy fairy fingers.

The morning is breaking, fresh beauties awaking,
And dew-pearsls are shaking, in Summer's soft
breeze,
Where flowerets bespangle, the woods wearied tan-
gle,
And red-rosies dangle o'er emerald seas.

Now tall, stately shadows, stretch over the meadows,
And drop their rich haloes o'er valley and glen,
Where wildly are swinging, the sweet songster sing-
ing,
And orioles clinging sweet over the fen.

Low bends the green willow, above the blue billow,
Where sea lilies pillow their bosoms of snow,
And gold-fish are darting, the blue waters parting,
Now stopping, now starting, their shadows below.

The blue-bells a-quiver, beside the dark river,
They tremble, and shiver, and dance on its brink,
Then bending all lowly, so perfect, so holy,
They lean, O so slowly, and gracefully drink.

No dream could ensplendor, a vision more tender,
No fancy could render a scene more divine,

The blue heavens bending, the sunlight descending
And flow'rets attending each trail of the vine.

O then let us tarry with nature, the fairy,
So queenly, so airy, so grand in repose,
Her dear form reclining, where myrtles are twining,
Her fair cheek enshrining the blush of the rose.

POESY.

Sweet silent visitor, consoling comfort of my idle
hours,

What depths of love, unsullied, thee I owe !
Deep fraught each page with wisdom's glorious
flowers,

Soft voiceless whispers unto me you throw;
All richly deep those silent sounds, down through
the mind-aisles flung,

Pure melodies of golden voice-set seemings,
Like silvery notes of Sabbath bells light rung,

So deep, so soft, so pure, thy tones to me.
O welcome guest, I love to chat with thee,

Away, loud-voiced and hideous revelries by night!
Demoniac dances at the festal board !

Ye bring but sorrow, ye but blear the sight,
Ye teach the soul no sweet consoling word.

Ye grieve the breast with direful misery !
Ye are no joy, no comforter to me;
My chosen friend — sweet-hearted poesy.

JOIN HANDS.

Join hands! the marble-natured past, oh, let it sleep,
Lo, flowery-featured May's most tender tears are
falling;

And o'er the hill and vale and the far-reaching deep
I hear a voice, it nears me now, and nearing yet
is calling,

Out across the green-veiled solitudes; hear me, hear
me!

Ye saddened hearts draw near, listen and moan
no more;

I hail from courts that lie beyond your ken and this
to thee,

My mission? joy to thee. Lo, I am Peace, kneel
gently and adore.

Join hands! and in the sight of God and all that's
goodness say

The night has past, and with it borne away the
last of clouds.

All hail the morn! that jewelled hour of roseate
bursting day

Whose blooming vales lie far and fair to view,
nor mist enshrouds,

Nor shadow flaunts the way. Man, thine aspiring
nature now

Should teach the subtle mystery of its power: this
very hour;

Before the shrine of Justice thou shouldst calmly
bow,

And bowing cry "Obeisance to thy will, Justice
we love thy power!"

Join hands! O ye of brave intelligence lead on, go
forth beneath the stars!

Go flaunt love's chosen ensign square upon the
breast-works of your foe;

The sweet-songed seraphs bid you go, the harp \AA e.
lean jars,

And far and near and all around I hear sweet
music flow.

Tis harmony's glad choir! Go, child of soft blue
eyes and golden hair,

Go forth and drink thy heart's content of melody;
and you

Proud maidens, born of years more ripe, and lips
more rare

And red than roses are, go forth and bathe in
love's allaying dew.

Join hands! from every sweet-tongued bell ring
forth incentive notes,

And when the debonarian groves are filled with
music, say—

Go forth, ye wandering winds, and from your silken
throats

Breathe them unto the sea, and to the isles that
linger far away,

Let morning drink the sounds, and in the day's high noon,

Or when the sun leans gently o'er the holy twilight hours,

O let them still ring on, and like the wind-harp's tune
Disturb the light-winged dews that sleep on red-eyed flowers.

Join hands! and while the poet chants a heart-felt praise,

Lead on from grove and hill and the far-reaching plain,

One phalanx deep and wide, come ye from all the ways.

Come like the bloom of May, one love-linked, endless chain,

Keep time to pattering feet, with song and solace sweet,

And like an endless rhyme of blue-eyed summer time,

Fill all the gracious land with hope and joys complete.

IMPUNITY.

Impunity ever breeds courage

As truly example has shown;

The longer offense goes unpunished,

The wider her acres are sown.

SOLID DIAMOND.

I see my little boy at play
Among the blossoms wild,
A wingless bee, that dares to stray
The gardens undefiled,
And watch the eager sunbeams lay
A carpet for the child.

I see the little fingers reach
The roses in their bower,
A loveliness that might beseech
A love from fairer flower,
Tip-toeing there in turn to teach
The sweetness of its dower.

I watch the dimples come and throw
A kiss to cheeks of tan,
As eddies in the waters show
And circle in their plan,
So do these whirling dimples sow
My handsome little man.

The mōrning leans an angel down,
With tender hands and true,
Lays on the head a golden crown,
And lights the eyes of blue,
Then paints the cheek of sunny brown
A more enchanting hue.

Where is the hand of cunning now,
The artist's boasted grace,



SOLID DIAMOND.—P. 128.





CAUTEL.—P. 129.

Could pain the splendors of that brow,
Or pencil such a face,
Or grasp the sweet conception how
To weave the color lace?

Not all the artists ever grew
Could paint a scene like this,
And pencill'd splendor never knew
The key to royal bliss,
For tho' its aim be ever true
Its arrows go amiss.

The poet doffs the laurel crown
And folds the soaring wing,
The while he lays the pencil down
And owns the master king;
For hands of art and poesy
Have no such offering.

No, this is not a fancy scene,
Soliloquized and new,
And not a fairy hand to glean
The roses sweet with dew,
But solid diamond set between
The blossoms where they grew.

CAUTEL.

Ah! my sweet and winsome lady,
Wander where the walks are shady,

Wander whéré the wine is hid,
Neath the blossom's tender lid.
Wander where the waiting feet,
Crush the bloom that waits to greet you,
Wander where the tempests meet,
In the heart that waits to meet you.

Watch the little stars that rise,
Through the distance, leaning over,
Where the moonbeam drips and dies,
Golden—on the fields of clover;
Where the silent bee has flown,
Nimble, dusky, thieving rover;
Wander lightly and alone,
There to meet your silent lover.

Truly, eager watchful eyes,
Will be ever searching steady,
Prying for that paradise,
That awaits you, wily lady.
Not for mischief? Mercy, no!
Else the mischief be repeating,
Softly watching, only so—
Joy may learn the bliss of meeting.

Place your little fingers there,
On the heart so wildly swaying,
Curb the flaunting golden hair,
Lest its banner be betraying,
Lift the little foot with care,
Lean a moment, lean and listen!

Danger ! is it lurking where
Yonder clovers bend and glisten ?

Ah ! the moments are as death,
And the stillness, it is cruel,
Save, indeed ! this heavy breath —
That is waging heart a duel,
And, (for shame) these falling tears,
Feeding all my fears with fuel,
Each succeeding step appears,
Gleaming with a lusty jewel.

Love thou art a wonder flame !
(Woman-weighed) above the level,
Thou could'st even tempt the same;
Brave the night or dare the devil,
Not delinquent, sweet Roland ?
Kiss me love, the storm is over,
Heart to heart, and hand to hand;
What were life without a lover !

FREEDOM'S SONG.

Where the harp Æolian jars,
And aurora drops her splendor,
Round a zone of blazing stars,
Silvery soft and sweetly tender,
Let us wander and adore
Shouting freedom evermore.

Where the dimpled waters glide,
And bright rainbow beauties hover,
O'er the blue wave's crested tide,
Like a silver-pinioned plover,
Let us rove through freedom's glare,
Lisping soft a silent prayer.

Where the pearl upon the sands,
Washed by each surrounding sea,
Sings of freedom's holy lands,
Sings forever of the free;
Let us gently kneel and crave
Strength of Him who rules the wave.

Where the silver queen of night,
Veils the flower-bespangled meadows,
Weaving 'neath her velvet light,
Fancy worlds of fairy shadows;
Let us wander neath her dyes
Praising Him who rules the skies.

Where the blue-eyed angel wings
Through the star-gemmed ether o'er us,
Where the sunbeam ever flings
Glory on the path before us;
Let us, wandering, gaze above,
Thanking God for freedom's love.

Where the daisies taint the air,
And our starry flag discloses,
Kissing freedom's golden glare,

O'er a dewy land of roses,
Let us ramble o'er the sod
Singing praises to our God.

Where a rhythmic echo swells,
Lingering on the viewless air,
Echo of our evening bells,
Softly calling unto prayer;
Let us wander there and sing,
Praises to our God and king.

Where in characters of gold,
Fame's celestial star is set,
And the laurel wreaths enfold
Washington and Lafayette,
Let us knell and lift a prayer,
God will surely meet us there.

THE LAST WATCH.

The night is deep and still and dark,
How slow the chill hours creep;
The low winds sob around, a bark—
Lies trembling on life's deep.

The dark waves creep in silence round,
I hush my painful breath;
Ah, lonesome anguish deep thy wound !
Oh ! tell me—is this death ?

I kneel and kiss a marble brow,
I press a thin white hand ;
Low o'er the slumbering clay I bow,
I cannot understand.

Another sweep of time's swift wings,
Night doffs her sable dyes;
Lo ! morning, no new glory brings
To light those dim blue eyes.

I turn my gaze to meet the east,
Then back to this cold clay;
How still she lies, the soul released
Has flown before the day.

TO MRS. ANDREW ANDERSON.

THE LILIES THAT YOU GAVE.

The lilies that you gave us to lay beside our dead,
Were sweeter in their language, than lips have ever
said,

And bright with royal splendor, beyond a starry gem,
And pure and analytic of the heart that offered them.

Yea, love can weigh the measure that walks with
little feet !

And death has sure dominion o'er hearts that cease
to beat;

Yet through the fog chaotic of dread and darksome
hours,

[ers.

A blessed bow of promise, the hand that offers flow-

So, when you gave the lilies, that dreamed amid
the light,

You swept a chord immortal, that slept amid the
blight,

[deep—

And love across the silence made answer soft and
Love will be love forever, tho' sorrow dares to weep.

And so each tender proffer will meet its sure reward,
Each blessed act a lily that waves above the sword,
And little hands will carry the deed across the wave
And lift them to the Master—the lilies that you gave.

GIMPY'S NERVE.

There were hard dark eager faces amid the crowd
that night,

There in that hell of splendor and mixed with the
town's elite,

Were great coarse forms and brutal, and full of a
devil's stare

Were green-blue eyes of players watching with hun-
gry glare—

The soft white hands of women, pulling their win-
nings down,

Or placing a new replenish of single or double crown,

At face with the "royal tiger" that stood like a god
of old,
And pulled to his purring bosom the plenteous piles
of gold.

Here was a stack of fifties, there was the chip of a
ten,

Lost to the hungry demon, doubled and lost again,
Quadrupled, trebled and doubled, for thus did the
dealer command — [hand,

"Never a limit but ceiling, pile with a plenteous
Long have you clamored and waited, calling the
requisite tame,

Claiming the nerve has grown feeble, running a
"limited" game.

So for to-night (and that only) pile your bright
shekels and well,

Twenty good feet to the ceiling, there's where the
limit shall dwell."

Cheer upon cheer, approbative, drove the red lights
to a swim,

Glasses and gleaming decanters long gurgled loud
at the brim;

Hands that were tireless and bony lent a new
strength with their grip,

Passing the soul-burning fury onto the feverish lip.
So, for the dealer had uttered, "Pull the flood-gates
all ajar,

Not one condition of limit either at business or bar;

Not one condition of limit—pile the rich dust of
your wares,
Pile till the heart shall grow dizzy, topping the gold
of your stairs!"

Down for the deal! all ready! then in the stillness
of death,
Save of wild heart's fever-beating and of hard pull-
ing for breath,
Slid the soft chords from their places, still as the
stealth of a sin,
And the great hands of the dealer drew the rich
monuments in.
Stack after stack of bright silver, many a green
bundle rolled,
Many a ten-times-a-twenty tinged with a shimmer
of gold,
Paying the few that were lucky, missing the blight
of the frost,
Out from the great rolling bounty loving compa-
nions had lost.

Smiles lit the face of the dealer. Yes the "old ti-
ger" was true.
Down with your chips and be ready, fifty must go
on the blue,
Crimsons are calling for twenty, whites must go
over for ten,
Down with your dust and be ready, come to the
ante like men.

Then with a clamorous rustle, crowding like demons ablaze,
Faces are jostled together, fingers are touching the baize,
And the smooth "ivories" settle deep in their circles of rest,
There in the face of the dealer, down on the old tiger's breast.

All down, all ready, stillness has gathered again —
Hush ! the deep breath of the bettors, ah, but the moments are pain,

See how the faces are bleaching, lips have grown pallid and cold,

Yea, for the clutch of the demon circles their treasures of gold.

Only the dealer is steady, only the dealer ? oh, hold !
Yonder the face of a woman bright as the summers of old ; [strung,

See, not a shadow of trouble, see, not a nerve is un-Nerve like the nerve of a tiger, tenderly handsome and young.

Ah, but the woman is winning, swiftly the many go down,

Only a few are left playing, far through the dusk of the town,

Slowly, unsteadily, going, tramping and dreaming, they go,

"O had I placed it, a copper, this way or that way, and so,

Deuce to the ace, taking seven, then could I help
but have won ?

Well am I worse than the many, most of the play-
ers were done;

Blamed little good in the glory, sewing the savings
of years,

Well it is weakness to simper, times, there is com-
fort in tears."

Lost, but the woman is winning, winning the wom-
an is lost,

Ah, could she see to the future, counting the ter-
rible cost,

Then would the white fingers tremble, pushing the
"blues" to their place,

And the proud smiles that are winning, die from
that beautiful face.

Hold ! but the woman is losing, stack after stack
of the blues

Sweep from her grasp like a fury, place them how-
e'er she may choose,

Swiftly and steadily going, does the hand tremble
the while?

No, but the eyes seem to brighten, meeting each
loss with a smile.

Piling the chances together, hush ! the red lights dim-
mer burn,

Something uncommon is coming, see, she is calling
the turn;

“Five for the one, if I chatter straight on the turn
grading down !”

Yes ! and the dealer had nodded, ah, it was worlds
for a crown,

“Worlds to a crown,” (said the woman) chances so
many to one

Take if you win, and be clever ! lost, I will smile
and be done;

Folding her arms in composure, waiting her fate
like a queen,

Long in the frolics of fortune—“queen of the
baize” she had been.

Nine-spot in sight, that is easy, under it ace fol-
lows tray;

(Stooping, she wrote of the chances plainly to read
in that way)

“Nine-spot in sight, that is easy, under it ace follows
tray,

Yes, I will chance the blue volley, played in that
mystical way.”

All but the dealer is steady, now there are only the
two;

Well has he thought of the winning should it go
down on the blue,

Slowly the cards are slid over; quietly too it is done—
Gods, but the chances are heavy, ah, but the wom-
an has won !

Lost, but the woman is winning, winning the wom-
an is lost;

O could she see to the future, counting the terrible cost,

Then would the white fingers tremble, pushing the blues to their place,

And the proud smiles that are winning fade from that beautiful face.

There in the gold she has gathered, buried the summers of years,

There in the ring of the silver, voices of trials and tears;

There in the crushed legal-tender crimped in so many a fold,

Lies the lost hope of a brother, dearer than diamonds or gold.

Close the great doors that are swinging, hide the dread sight from the sun;

Lost ! tho' the woman was winning, yes the great battle is done;

And the red lights burning lowly, symbol the wrecks that are gone;

Pale in a glow that was glory, dead in the light of the dawn.

Kneel wily queen with your booty, kneel, for your palace is cold !

Love has gone out like the glimmer, arched in yon circles of gold.

Love has gone out, and that honor, grand for a woman to wear,

Lies like a bloom that is trampled black with the feet of despair.

BUGLE CALLS, OR HIGH POKER.

Ho! sound the bugle, brother man, and gather in
the crew,
There's not so many of us now, as once have worn
the blue;
Our ranks are thinning, year by year, old Time will
clear the decks,
And ask the last one tumbles in his remnant of the
“checks.”
But we have played the “ante” high, and we have
had our time,
And proud to say they never called the place we
didn’t climb.
Old Dixie’s sons were true as steel, and loyal to their
cause,
But missed some splendid ruling points in war’s
high poker laws.

They sometimes played us pretty hard, and stood
our biggest “raise,”
And sometimes bluffed us squarely out, with nothing
up but trays.
They pushed the issue day and night, and Anted up
like men,
But then we had them on the draw, and took it
down again.
They made some splendid deals at first, and nearly
won the cup;

For Lee and Jackson at the head were two grand
aces up.

But Grant had got the deck at last, and where he
made a stand,

They found fixed with three big kings in every sol-
dier's hand.

God knows, they thought their cause was just; we
knew our cause was right;

This conflict of opinions then, forced on that fever-
ed fight.

We have no war at issue now, and this is blessed
May;

Throw wide the portals of your heart and welcome
in the gray.

We swapped tobacco at the front, on picket lines,
before;

How shall we turn the shoulder now, and close the
common door?

We might forgive to each the past, as each would
be forgiven,

And join one common circle where the boys look
down—from heaven.

Then sound your bugle, brother man, and call the
men this way;

And, if the ranks of blue be thin and sprinkled with
the gray,

'Twill weave the realistic in, with visions of the past,
And help to fill the little lines that dwindle down so
fast.

Though we have faced them fierce and fast, and
fought them hand to hand,
With ranks that cried, Columbia! while they ans-
wered, Maryland !
We'll lay the hard old grudges down, and welcome
soldiers true,
To mingle with our fading ranks — to deck the gray
and blue.

Then sound your bugle, sound it loud ! Push forth
the quivering strain !
'Till all the hosts that flood the wood and scour the
distant plain,
Shall come with garlands fresh and sweet and ling-
ering scent of bloom,
And build their floral wreaths of love on every sol-
dier's tomb.
For where the tall, green southern pines, in all their
splendors sway,
They pile the blossoms equal height above the blue
and gray,
They go from out their shattered homes, with tears
that long are wet,
And teach that sweet forgiveness but a coward could
forget.

Soft sound the bugle, brother man, and let the ban-
ners play,
We'll have to leave the dress-parade to younger
men to-day.

This stumping round on wooden legs and striving
for a show,
Would only grieve the boys that watched our mo-
tions years ago.
That double-quick would get us now, rheumatics
linger here,
And every effort to comply would force a double
tear;
For not alone the soldier weeps this opportune decay,
The heart that loves the soldier feels and weeps as
well as they.

Ho ! Shoulder arms ! Ah now, indeed, how too that
order grieves.
Dear hearts, it's hard to handle guns with limp and
empty sleeves;
And see, along the shattered line that erst was
straight and grand,
A coat that holds an empty sleeve, an arm without
a hand;
And crippled limbs and bending forms that once
were grand and tall,
And God, there are some places where we see no
forms at all.
Close up the line, close up the line ! Sound out the
bugle still !
Till every living comrade hears the call from Zion's
hill.
Well, sound your bugle once again, and call the
comrades in.

The cards were cut and shuffled well ; the game was
played to win.

The stakes were high, yes, dreadful high, the world
will understand,

It cost a thousand lives at times to see a single hand.
There were no limits to the game, they never asked
a sight,

But stood the raise like little men, and fought it out
with might.

They held the flushes straight and clean, and stood
them out a pat.

We drew and caught a world of kings, and beat
them after that.

We have no war at issue now, and this is velvet
May,

And God's impartial hand has crowned, alike the
blue and gray.

So from the ample fields we seek, we'll cull the sweet-
est flowers,

And pile the graves of theirs as deep as they shall
cover ours.

Then sound the bugle, loud and shrill, push forth
the quivering blast,

Till its receding echoes touch the valleys of the past ;
Till echo wakes its echo on, beyond the vales of care
And every soldier hears the sound and gathers with
us there.

MY PHANTOM BRIDE.

The hours go by, and cold and pale,
I watch the white moon's wayward sail,
And, watching, wonder of the fate
That brings my tardy bride so late.
Did she not vow that eventide
Should find her fortressed at my side?
Did she not vow, when evening stars
Should dance above horizon bars,
These ready lips again should prove
The subtle touch of heart's true love.

Did she not swear, by lake and land
And lofty lift of jewelled hand,
That tho' the sun-tides missed the noon,
And sea-tides wandered over-soon,
True as the changing moons to sea,
Her presence would come back to me?
O how these laggard moments move,
Like musty age in waiting groove.
Their hollow tramp and haughty mien,
Tell not a word of her, my queen.

Oft have I dreamt of doubt and shade,
Yet, like glad stars that never fade,
Or diamond touch of morning dew,
Her promises were ever true.
And she will come, my phantom bride,
Whate'er the fates by time betide,

With airy sweep of paddle bright,
To sail the currents of the night,
Would prove her soul's enchanting will,
And waiting love will trust her still.

Yes, they have cried her false — and when ?
Those whispered words of lying men,
They drive a dagger to my heart !
Or worse, they tear its throbs apart,
And charge its quivering pulse of stain,
With anguish that is more than pain,
Yet I do swear by yonder blue,
Her promises were ever true,
True as yon westward moon a guide—
My light, my life, my phantom bride !

And she will come, I wait her long.

Whippoorwill.

Hark ! 'tis the night-bird's plaintive song,
Sweet, wayward notes, hold, birdie, hold !
I hear her dripping oar of gold.
Was it the pine tree's dropping dart,
Or sound of this lone beating heart ?

Whippoorwill.

I hear the kissing waters meet
And dance around her dimpled feet.

Whippoorwill.

But no, those trooping sounds are stayed,
'Twas but the night wind's dress parade.

O but I thought at last, at last,
Fulfilled that promise of the past !

I almost had her in my arms,
Oh, how love's bounding current warms !
But disappointment, fatal word—
As eagle strikes the singing bird,
You drive your sharp beak's ebon dart
Far down the sumner of my heart,
And leave me lone and waiting still,
Companion of poor whippoorwill.

Whippoorwill.

Strange bird, so singing to the moon !
What woes awoke your plaintive tune ?
Has fate's decree to thee betide
A waiting for some tardy bride ?

Whippoorwill.

Don't grieve, don't grieve, sweet bird, no, no,
But tell me truly of your woe.
Your silence weighs my heart with fears—

Whippoorwill.

Your singing fills mine eyes with tears.
So lone, so lone, so desolate !
Like thee, sweet bird, without a mate

Pheasant drums.

But hark ! what new departures come ?
'Tis but the pheasant's drowsy drum.
What weariness these sounds awake !
Yet love could die for love's sweet sake,
And 'mid its storms of prayers and tears,
Of cancelled hopes and groundless fears,
Be buried quite, all unawares,
Like blossoms over-choked with tares

Breathe out their last faint, parting breath,
And fall asleep, so light is death.

Whippoorwill.

Lo ! I must rest these watchful eyes,
As one to enter paradise.
With eager heart I yet will wait,
Beside hope's towering jewelled gate.
For she will come, my phantom bride,
In dreams forever at my side.
So lightly and so sweetly dressed,
With bloom at brow and bloom at breast,
And tempting song that ever will
Trade notes with song of whippoorwill.

Whippoorwill.

Ah, dreadful war to battle sleep,
With eyes that ever wake to weep.
Poor eyes, poor eyes, how dim your gaze,
From searching of your silent ways.
By cove and lake and sanded beach,
No form arrests your straining reach.
But on, still on ! as if to be
Led fairly through eternity.
From moving moon, to ocean's crest
Still wandering, still wishing rest,

And thou shalt sleep, tho' all my heart
Should walk in wakefulness apart ;
And thou shalt rest one long, sweet rest,
Tho' flaming daggers pierce this breast.

For with this silken kerchief white,
I'll bind the wanders of your flight
Binds eyes.

Thus bring restriction to the gaze
That drives my wakeful brain a-craze.
So shalt thou rest as thou art tied,
And wait the coming of my bride.

Pretends sleep. Whippoorwill.

Whippoorwill pauses. Low, sweet song is heard, woman's voice.

She comes, she comes ! ah, true to me ;
That same sweet song ! I cannot see !
For I am blind, am blind, am blind !
O Father, hast thou thus designed
To hide from these long-tortured eyes,
This one bright gleam of paradise ?
Ah no, no, no ! I mind me now,
This bandage placed upon my brow.
Strange addlings of a troubled mind,
In faith, I thought me surely blind.

Was it a dream ? ah, strange indeed !
What wondrous tales the night winds read,
All blown from those enchanted isles,
So sweet with hope, so dressed in smiles,
A touch of faith, a balm of rose,
Light wafted to the heart's repose.
A solace from the sounds of pain,
That gives us back our loved again.
On pity's wings, oh, tender tide,
Bring back, bring back, my phantom bride.

Whippoorwill.

O she will come, I know her true !
Her boat glides in upon the blue,
Like some faint touch of fairy wand,
A beckon from the far beyond.
With shining reach of shapely oar,
She drives the laughing waves ashore,
The while, her trailing mantles sweep,
The merry dimples of the deep,
Or, linger in their starry fold
Around the shining keel of gold.

I'll send the waves a random shot,
To mind her of the tristing spot.

Shoots. Loon.

Was it a scream? O God, this heart
Will rend its shattered cell apart!

Loon.

Again, again, that awful breath!
I heard the gutteral sounds of death.
I dare not gaze, I know the flood
Is crimsoned with her holy blood.

Loon.

Hold, heavens hold ! I hear the break!
Of laughing loon, go down the lake.

Loon.

Indeed, indeed, the loon's wild cries !
So may I trust these anxious eyes,
And if the waves are free from stain,
My poor heart gains relief from pain.

Why did she deign me no reply?
The soul creeps up and answers, why?
So half in hope, yet half afraid,
I stand between the sun and shade,
And wonder-waiting vigil keep,
With sad eyes thrown across the deep.

Sweet horn, I'll throw your clarion note
In search of that frail golden boat,
And may your silvery footsteps learn
Companions of a sweet return.
Thus will your searching notes be thrown,

Sounds horn.

But echo answers far and lone,

Loon.

And o'er the lake the laughing loon
Makes music to the night's high noon,
And shattered moonbeams lift and ride
Like shining spectres on the tide.

Sad, sad the watch that waits in vain,
And loneliness is life of pain.
Poor eyes, poor eyes! I bid you rest,
Sleep woes the circles of my breast.
Here will I place love's beacon light,

Places light.

So, like a star to pierce the night,
That it may prove love's faithful guide,
Alluring to my phantom bride,
So will she come from faint and far,
Lured by this love-watch blazing star.

Here with this green mound for my bed,
 And green boughs waving overhead,
 All trailed with rose-light steeped in dew,
 And woodbine splendors running through,
 And balm to dress the weary soul
 Await where silvered currents roll,
 And tinkling music falls, a dream
 Wooed from the mountain's tinsel'd stream,
 The night-bird's song, the waiting rose,
 The waving winds will bring repose.

Falls asleep.

Tinkle of stream. Whippoorwill. Faint horn. Loon laughs. Whippoorwill. Horn nearer. Faint song. Sound of oars striking boat.

SONG — MY WILLIE.

My Willie lies sleeping beneath the green tree,
 Blue eyes have grown weary in watching for me.
 The fates that undo him did bind me to mourn,
 Yet true to my promise, again I return.

Chorus.—My Willie has waited, is waiting me still,
 Where love drinks the music of sweet whippoorwill.

As breath of the summer that comes all unseen,
 With garlands of roses, love brings you your queen.
 An angel's glad visit from Eden's sweet side,
 To watch o'er your slumbers, your sweet phantom bride.

And now, gentle Willie, I bid you adieu,
 This wreath will bring faith that my promise was true,
 And when at God's calling you cross the dark tide,
 You'll meet at the ferry your own phantom bride.

Was it a dream? a dream, no, no!
 Did she not stand with cheek aglow
 And bright eyes flaming sweet and far,
 And like the new born morning star,
 Shine on me with her warmth of love,
 And tenderness, well meant to move,

This laggard blood, that coursing slow,
Drags onward through its fields of snow.
A dream? It must have been a dream!
O stars, how cold and far you seem!
And you, sweet moon, how can you hold
A brightness in these rays so cold?
I shiver at the thought, and still,
You sail above the silent hill,
And pour your cold effulgence wide
Along the great night's ebbing tide.
Ah, what is this? My God, 'twas true!
Fresh in the night's new fall of dew
The imprint of her hand, 'tis here!
And she is gone, is gone, is gone!
And not the wanders of the dawn
Will bring her back to me, to me!
My eyes, my eyes! I cannot see, I cannot see!
I hear the great, dark waters roar—
I'll meet her on the other shore.

Falls dead. Curtain.

Curtain rises again on tableau of their meeting, he stepping from the dark waters to her embrace. Golden City in the background.

NECESSITY.

Necessity breeds an infallible law,
Let all to her statutes resign,
'Tis only to fodder the way of a jaw
That we toil for the wealth of a mine.

UNKNOWN.

Tread lightly, tis a hallowed spot, for here, beneath
this mound,
The bosom of a soldier brave, lies mingling with the
ground.
And yonder, see ! the stars and stripes, the flag for
which he fell,
Waves proudly from yon loftly dome, above the
village bell.
No more, he hears the evening gun, plow echoes
through the air,
Nor hears the knell, of village bell, softly calling
unto prayer,
Or deeply toll, departed soul, in tones of wild despair.
Who was the soldier ? did you say ? didst know from
whence he came ?
I see no chisled structure here, on which, to read his
name,
Ah there behold ! and half decayed, that crumbling
board alone,
Approach and read, and read, alas, that weird word
unknown.
Unknown he sleeps that earnest sleep, that last deep,
deep, repose,
Regardless quite of storm or night, of passing joys
or woes,
Of folly's frown, or fancy's smile, of kindred, friends
or foes.

When cannon mouthed their thunders loud, and
 hurled their wreathed smoke,
And all the land was quaking 'neath a famous sturdy
 stroke,
And gallant hearts rushed forth to meet the haughty
 challenge thrown,
'Twas then the sleeper signed the call, and he was
 not unknown.
No more he'll list the sweet tattoo nor reveille at
 morn,
No more he'll tread to beat of drum, or pipe of
 martial horn,
Nor deal a stroke, amid the smoke, where battle
 blaze is born.

When torrent darts of crimson gore rushed wildly
 down the rill,
That very hill where yonder gun dark-browed, is
 rusting still—
Mid sabre flash and battle glare and deadly missle
 thrown,
This sleeping hero too, was there, and he was not
 unknown.
No more he'll face the battle-blaze, nor drink the
 smoke of war,
No more he'll tread the purpled earth, where booming
 cannons jar
Nor join the race, inhaste to chase a foeman flying far.
When yonder cannon groaned aloud, and lent her
 poison breath,

Sending her burning messengers, singing the song
of death,

He was the first to lend a hand to check that monotone,
But oh, too late, her future fate, was sealed unto his
own.

No more his willing arm is lent to tear the blushing
brand,

From out the fervid battle-grasp of foeman's firy
hand,

Nor check a breath, that's sealing death, athwart a
sunny land.

If yonder tattered flag could speak; 'twould tell the
tale, I ween,

The tale that we would ask of him, thus stilled in
sleep serene,

Then, this half-rotted board, no more, in broken
speech should own,

This sad reply, to questions asked. in this sad, way —
unknown.

No more he'll feast his manly eyes upon that banner -
there,

No more unfurl her gorgeous dyes to freedom's holy
air,

While half a nation kneels around, and lifts to God
a prayer.

That cannon yonder on the hill, is stilled forever
more,

And gush of song and music swell, take place of
battle roar,

Peace smiles, her sunny beams to day on cottage
walls are thrown,

But, he who died to wake that smile lies sleeping
here, unknown.

Alone, indeed, and left unknown, in death's cold
grasp alone—

Not e'en the honors of a name cut on the coldest stone,
Hark ! o'er his grave, the winds complain, unknown !
unknown ! unknown !

But hush ! the winds that lately moaned have ceased
their grievous cries,

And yonder comes the village belle, and tears are
in her eyes.

Her hands are lain with wreathed flowers, that on
the grave, are strewn,

Thank God ! the sleeper's not forgot e'en tho' he be
unknown.

Ah, see beside the lowly mound, the maiden kneels
in prayer ;

And lo, a hundred more draw round, their proffered
love to share ;

I faney now, that sleeper dreams of angels circling
there.

Ah ! ne'er again will I deplore the noble soldier's
lot ;

I'll mourn their lonely fates no more — they never
are forgot,

E'en tho' they sleep unnumbered by the letters of a
name,

Their burning history never dies, 'tis wreathed in
flowers of a fame.
We read it in the peaceful breeze that whisper o'er
the vale,
We read it on the rolling seas where bends the bellied
sail,
And oh, it is a work to please, a nobly-written tale.
The village maiden whispers it to gallant village
beau,
And little children tell the tale while wandering to
and fro,
And when the heavy frost of years have marked
our honored sires,
They lay the cherished pipe aside, and tell it round
their fires.
And so, the tender story stands a theme of endless
thought,
And freedom waves her gentle hands above the
glories bought,
While soldiers sleep beneath the sands, unknown,
tho' not forgot.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Alas! how vain our hallowed hopes,
How wasted time's sweet flowers,
The march of change just telescopes
Our fairest build of bowers.

DANA'S DRIVE.

ORLANDO.

Hold hard thy reins, yes driver, hold,
And thou shalt have this fee of gold,
Ten shining twenties, bright and new,
And this green bundle goes to you,
If that thine elfin steeds shall move
To win a hard, far race for love.

DANA.

If moved to win ? And who shall dare
Match steed to steed, with speed compare ?
From wild Arabia's arid plain
These supple queens were deftly ta'en,
And not the fabled steeds of Mars
Can match my bonny Shooting Stars.

ORLANDO.

Hold, driver, hold ! Be not too fast,
(Blue pigeons may outspeed the blast,)
A good span lead of tempest wild
The Graylocks flew, the driver smiled,
And sowed the way with challenge loud,
And still the steeds outsped the cloud.

Then do not boast of better blood,
Of course, 'tis plainly understood,
At viewing shoulders long, oblique,
And tendons strong, and coat as sleek
As glossy silk from India's strand,
There lies uncommon speed at hand.

But match is match and chase is chase,
And chance alone can test a race
Where two unwilling bandies meet,
In this wild-wedded, vain conceit,
Declaring oft, from beaten breast,
Yet fearing to approach the test.

Doncaspan's claims are verified,
And yours, as yet, remain untried,
Unrighteous, sir, and indiscreet,
To boast your chosen steeds as fleet
As those gray kings, whose airy forms
Played lead before the worst of storms.

DANA.

If that thou sayest I have lied,
Then, too, let this be verified.
Doncaspan's claims are false, as yet,
In this that we have never met.
Which sayest thou, then thou hast lied,
And thou and he shall stand defied.

ORLANDO.

Be calm, be calm, I sought the test
That proves an honest faith the best.
Because of this, my life must go
A forfeit to impassioned foe,
If that miscarriage should attend
That speed alone could dare defend.

DANA.

Then be it so. In proof of trust
Graylocks and Lords shall eat the dust

Up-thrown from each clean hoof like hail,
Shot downward from high clouds a-sail.
But tell me, friend, what goes amiss
To force the search of speed like this.

ORLANDO.

Ah, truly, friend, but first thine hand.
'Tis meet that thou shouldst understand
The import of this fearful task.
Kneel, kneel with me and blessings ask,
And kneeling, swear with hand on high,
In faith of trust to do or die.

DANA.

'Tis well, my friend, and I accede.
Lord, dost Thou know our waiting need,
And wilt Thou bless, O Lord, the right
This effort leads unto Thy sight.
With lifted hands, O Lord, we wait,
Sworn friends, whatever be our fate.

ORLANDO.

So shalt thou hear, and this the tale:
Where yonder sea-gulls lift and sail
On wings of white, above the shore
That trembles where the waters roar,
Doncaspan's bronze and marble home
Lifts lofty battlements and dome.

There, by dark jealousies controlled,
A birdling in a cage of gold,
Luena Doncaspan must dwell
An angel in an outer hell,

Far from love's altar-home apart
So far, so far, poor breaking heart !

DANA.

You love. Does she reciprocate
That love, and yet not dare to mate
That fading heart with the support
That hails from love's almighty court?
Go to thine fading flower and say
Light shines adown love's dewy way.

Say that my Arab steeds are fleet,
The lightning of their flying feet
Would quickly dare an intercede
Conveyant to love's prisoned need.
Once safe behind my Shooting Stars
Then could she laugh at prison bars.

ORLANDO.

Ah, but I fear the Graylocks' pace,
Mad, mad must be that mighty race.
For like an arrow skyward tossed,
The oval downs they shoot across,
And woe and death would surely hide
Within each mighty monster stride.

DANA.

To win is life, to lose is death,
And thou couldst choose it at a breath,
Didst thou but know all hope were dead,
And each availing help had fled.
So stake thy trust to win it all,
Or, losing, to abide the fall.

ORLANDO.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! thy hand, thy plan,—
Yes, I will meet it, yes, my man.
Thy word shall be my law to win
Or lose, the effort is no sin,
And life is death without compare
Enshrouded in this black despair.

DANA.

Go to thine haughty peer and read,
One dares to doubt the Graylock's speed;
And further says his ringing purse
Invites him to some chosen course,
On hilly down or dustless square,
At any time and anywhere.

Say that his pride has reached a stress
Of wagers offered limitless.

Say that his taunting tongue has said
Were wagers laid, both gold and bread,
Thou must go penniless, a knave,
Undone and hungered to thy grave.

And if to him this arrogance
Shall lift its stinging poisoned lance,
Swift as the rush of ocean's tide
Shall crowd the armies of his pride,
And eagle-like, in passion stirred,
Lay wagers to your suited word.

Say quickly "For Luena's sake,
This daring proffer will I make.

A test of speed shall sure decide
A forfeit head or fondling bride.
If Graylocks win this head be thine;
Lose, and Luena must be mine."

ORLANDO.

'Tis done ! thy hand. I do abide
This ruling whatsoe'er betide.
And when the white moon lifts her sail
Above the level of this vale,
I too, in shining robe will wait
Beside the star-arched marble gate.

There lightly lift above the wall
Love's light-toned, airy, legal call,
That ever brings with speedy tread,
Soft on the star-grass jewelled bed,
That lithesome form so rare, so rare,
My bonny, bright Lnena fair.

Yes, she will come, poor waiting bird,
Like aspen sweet, by breezes stirred,
All tremblingly, yet all demure.
In confidence both sweet and sure,
I'll breathe it to her trusting ear
And lock the bargain, tear for tear.

DANA.

Farewell till then, a sweet adieu,
God's tender mercies follow you.
And may the goddess of your love
In glad adoption quick approve

A purpose lain in mercy's mood,
And sure avoid of spilling blood.

For by yon stars, now lent to crown
The shadows of this dewy down,
One eager call will show thee pace
Defiant in the fleetest race.
One eager call,—away, away!
Prepare thee ere the break of day.

SCENE SECOND.

Castle on seashore, surrounded by massive high walls. Massive star-arched gates, green lawn and shell-road driveways, boat at shore bordering lawn and swells rolling in the moonlight.

ORLANDO.

Here at this hugh unfriendly gate,
All eager and alone I wait.
Scarce daring lift one little note,
That trustless winds may drive afloat
To some unsought, unkindly ear,
Disclosure of my presence here.

How still the night, I fairly start
At sound of my own beating heart,
Unsteady in its wild unrest,
It treads the chambers of the breast,
As some lost child, misunderstood,
Wood walk the mazes of the wood.

Yet, there is need of haste, and so,
However falls the final blow,

The battle is before us still;
 And through the courage of a will,
 Unbending in its strength of pride,
 Can reason's claims be justified.

Luena, here I send the call
 High o'er this dark impregnant wall,
 And for thine blessed answer wait
 The swinging of this massive gate,
 Thy presence, O thou child of light,
 Queen jewel of Time's fairest night.

Sounds horn.

LUENA at window.

Ah, did I hear Orlando's call,
 Some wayward note has climbed the wall.
 Some wayward note has rode the tide
 Of breezes from the outer side.
 Ah, there again, and light and free
 Love's tender notes are calling me.

Climbing from window on ladder of rope which she throws; standing on rope steps with hand on window-sill she listens.] Horn sounds. Luena listens smilingly, then sings, sweet and low,

I hear the horn, I hear the horn,
 From gardens green, where dews adorn,
 'Tis sweet to me, 'tis sweet to me,
 I hear the horn, I come to thee.

ORLANDO.

Yes thou art come, but say, my dear,
 How shall it please thine waiting ear,
 This proffered plan that pending fate
 Prevaleth that I must relate,
 Well dost thou know, Luena fair,
 To win thee, death were naught to dare.

LUENA.

A dare at death ! O love, sweet love !
Sure as yon shining stars above,
My heart would break, oh, surely break,
If that thou darest for my poor sake,
That ebon king whose nightly eyes
Rob earth of love's dear paradise.

ORLANDO.

Have patience, love, I beg the boon,
Let judgment come not over-soon,
Weigh every word and weigh it well,
'Tis not that I have much to tell,
But that an import deep is stirred
And crowned with each succeeding word.

LUENA.

You spoke of death, of daring death !
O love, my love, my life, my breath !
All, all to me; and yet so light
You speak of it. O love, to-night,
With lifted hands I do complain,
Breathe not those awful words again.

ORLANDO.

Have courage love, this flighty mood,
Tells lightly of brave womanhood.
Well dost thou know that life to me,
Tied in this shame-bound slavery,
Doles double sin, and double shame,
Death's portion to a living name.

LUENA.

'Tis plain, 'tis plain, dear love, 'tis so,
But couldst thou deal more drops of woe?
One added grain methinks could part
This ready strained and bleeding heart;
Yet is it thine, and for thy sake
E'en would I suffer it to break.

ORLANDO.

Nay, darling, nay, I would not call
Your life to taste one bitter gall,
But that I feel, beyond the cross
Of this commix of gold and dross,
There shines supreme, a brighter gem,
Life's free-born love-lit diadem.

LUENA.

Then be it so, my heart shall move
To meet true liberty of love,
And sayest thou, I too will try,
E'en tho' it stand to death's defy,
To reach that new-born outer gate
Where loving hearts unbridled mate.

ORLANDO.

Then be it plain, thou givest heed,
Thy parent dotes the Graylocks' speed,
And banters oft, with purse a-gleam,
To match, for speed, that kingly team
'Gainst all the world of flyers bold
For pride or place or pelf of gold.

LUENA.

Aye, true indeed, but sad the breast
That meets that proffer with a test.
No swifter does the eagle chase
The flying dove to death's embrace,
Nor lighter does the great gazelle,
Spring forward at the panther's yell.

ORLANDO.

Brave, noble steeds, indeed 'tis so,
And yet, alas their pace is slow
Compared with Dana's hold in hands,
Led from Arabia's shining sands,
Led from that field no limit binds,
And reared among the sporting winds.

To-day their lifted muzzles stood
Expansive to the proof of blood ;
And from their eyes all deep and bright,
There shone a sweet, translucent light,
That told in language fair as love,
An airyness in every move.

And to thy parent, Doncaspan,
I dare propose this daring plan:
Five sunny leagunes my head to pay,
If that the Graylocks win the day;
If that they fail thus fairly tried,
Then shall Luena be my bride.

LUENA.

Orlando, no ! my poor heart's cry,
Then surely art thou doomed to die.

For like the whirlwind's awful speed
I see the Graylocks easy lead,
Nor urgent word nor whip can save
My darling from the gaping grave.

ORLANDO.

But thou hast said thou wouldest abide
The test, tho' death should stand defied.
And this the test, my sweet, my brave,
Yet know you that no gaping grave,
Shall ever hold Orlando's breast
In payment of this subtle test.

LUENA.

Then be it so, your brave content
Lifts hope a shining monument,
And tho' my heart a double throws,
No longer shall my lips oppose,
But yielding all, your wish abide,
And win or perish at your side.

ORLANDO.

O brave resolve, with naught amiss,
Love, let us seal it with a kiss !
Once, twice and thrice ! and now away !
See, yonder creeps the breaking day !
The banners of the night half-drawn
In honor of the blushing dawn.

Go tender love, the hour of ten
Shall find me at the gate again,
With loud proclaim and vaunting mien,

And banner on whose page is seen
In flaming type that all may read
“One dares to doubt the Graylocks’ speed.”

Adieu, adieu, till then good-bye.

- And dost thou hear the rabble cry,
Be not disposed to harbor fear,
But rather court content and cheer.
One long embrace and thou must go,
Love, love, why dost thou linger so?

LUENA.

One sweet embrace, the night is past.
Orlando, this may be our last,
Last fond embrace! O love, I fear,
Chide not the sob, the falling tear,
The grief, the grief, so darkly dres’t
And crowned against my heaving breast.

But no! I scorn the bitter sting,
By yonder stars yet left to swing
Like diamonds in the fading blue,
I will be brave! I will be true!
God helping me—God helping you,
Alway, alway, fond love, adieu.

ORLANDO.

Gone, she is gone as sweet stars die,
In the blazing reach of the morning sky,
And the ghostly tread of the solitude,
Steals like a gloom to the heart imbued
With a holy love and a holy will,
That cannot die till the heart is still.

Sings.

Love will not die,
The shadows fly,
As vultures sail the dreamy sky;
But brave and true.
Forever new,
Love sails on high, love will not die.

Love will not die, nor is it meet
That love should cringe and own defeat.
And not the claim of better blood
Shall lift to me a scaleless flood ;
And not defense of lofty tower
Persuade me from my chosen flower.

Not vain conceit and arrogance
Shall stay love's keen and glittering lance
And soon this shameful court shall learn
How bravely true love's altars burn.
Doncaspan stand in shame defied
Or prove the mettle of his pride.

SCENE THIRD.

Large gates swung open exposing interior of courtyard; fine court front
high porch; circle roadway in front. Orlando on horseback at gate.

ORLANDO.

A passing proof — a lucky star,
This massive gate swung wide ajar;
And not one halting guard is near
To challenge rights or interfere.
This taunting flag I'll carry o'er,
Waves flag.
And flaunt it squarely at the door.

This trespass horn shall call the court,
That all may figure in the sport.

Sounds horn.

All honor, sir, and due respect,
I hope your highness don't object
The reading this, a trifle thing
Stamped on the banner that I bring.

Crowd gathering, each reading, then all in concert loudly: "One dares
to doubt the Graylocks' speed. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!"

DONCASPAH.

Thou art a cur to thus report
Before Doncaspan's royal court.
Avaunt, I say! avaunt, avaunt!
Nor dare again this dastard taunt.
Thou bigot of untitled blood,
Misguided and misunderstood.

ORLANDO.

No idle words! my purse is long,
And dangled where your courtants throng.
Look! here I swing the shining prize
Plain-viewed before your jealous eyes,
And laugh ha ha! with flag a-sail
To see your mighty lordship quail.

DONCASPAH.

Uncanny cur! that lying tongue
Is longer than the purse you swung.
And think you one would saddle horse
For that slim, lean, lackworthy purse,
Not e'en the poorest of my court
Would cavil to such meagre sport.

Crowd: No, no, no! ho, ho!

ORLANDO.

Then thou wouldest shun the proffered dust?
 And perched above pride's hollow bust
 Seek comfort in this childish claim,
 Supported by chagrin and shame.
 Ah, troubled heart, this frail devise
 Tells plainly of your cowardice.

DONCASPAH.

Horse, horse, I say ! let there be lain
 Some wager worthy of the pain.
 And by St. Martin's lofty throne,
 This dancing braggart soon shall own
 Doncaspan's claims well qualified,
 And ample in support of pride.

Name, name thy wager, silly dude,
 And no imposing after-lude
 Shall stand in flippant banter dressed,
 Delayal of an unrighteous test.
 Thy choice, I say ! the banter done !
 From furrow's length to falling sun.

Court: Aye, aye, aye! from furrow's length to falling sun. Hurrah!

ORLANDO.

Five sunny leagues I do indite,
 And thou thyself shall choose the sight,
 On oval down or level plain,
 Or where the woodland's break and train,
 With light and shade alternate blent
 On rolling hill, or deep descent.

DONCASPAH.

In woodland ? O ho, ho ! to hide
The shamyness of shapeless stride.
Enough ! the broad plains beaten breast,
Shall own the honor of the test,
That each invited guest shall see
How Graylocks' spurn their company.

And now, in presence of this court,
Name, fool, the wager for the sport,
Assured in aught thy lips may prate,
There is no bond of rich estate,
Or pile of gold or silver plied
That unto thee shall be denied.

ORLANDO.

Enough ! let each surrounding guest,
Place quiet hand upon the breast,
And all thine grand courtierian train
Bear witness of the wager lain,
And silent sacredness approve
A wager unto death for love.

Five sunny leagues, the falling bars
To drop before proud Dana's Stars,
This proffered head must surely go
A forfeit to a winning foe—
Be they the first to cross the line,
Doncaspan's daughter must be mine.

DONCASPAH.

'Tis done, 'tis done ! and very good,
At sundown dogs shall lick thy blood.

Poor fishy knave, no more thou'l stand,
In cavil for my daughter's hand;
No more disgrace your doubty peers
With mimicry of love-lorn tears.

ORLANDO.

Hold ! rein thy steeds and to the test.
Who laughs the last he laugh's the best,
And let not braggart tongue decide
Ere half the test be verified.
Proud Dana's Stars will play thee haste
Ere thou hast seen the barway past.

DONCASPAN.

One circuit league, returning five,
'Tis but the Graylocks' warming drive.
Horse ! horse, I say ! See Dana's rein
Comes westward on the waiting plain,
And I am ready, lead the way,
And let the dancing bugles play.

Curtain.

Sound of bugles and cheers.

LUENA.

Already at the rein they stand,
And lifted cheers on every hand
Break from the lusty rabble glee,
In concourse of mad haste to see
This romance of a law, decide
Death's dusky fate, or dewy bride.

O sad indeed ! love brings to me
This soul-felt sense of agony,
This deep untamed and tireless brood

Of tortures and that darker mood,
With swift wings waving everywhere
Their great black banners of despair.

O could I dash this cup aside,
And shall that dusky hand divide
My love and I? God grant it not!
Love, love is sweet, and lowly lot
Or lofty line 'tis yet the same
In spite of pride or purse or name.

ORLANDO.

Luena haste, e'en now await,
Before the undrawn barrier gate,
Fierce eyeing and fierce eyed they stand
In waiting for the wished command,
Both eager for the testive pace,
Both sanguine of the day and race.

One moment and the gong will sound,
Come let us gain some lofty ground,
Some place where anxious eyes may learn,
At viewing each successive turn,
If that the fates shall weave us bloom
Or win Orlando for the tomb.

SCENE FOURTH.

At the coarse horn music, at rise of curtain, music stops, crowd cheers,
teams are in waiting before draw-gate. Judge speaks.

JUDGE.

Rein your chargers here and wait
Close before the barrier gate.

Once it makes the hurried slide,
Other trials are denied.

Take the warning, heed it well,
Lest you tarry, grief to tell.

Steady there ! at tap of gong
Let the barrier quick be sprung,
Not a waver waits in this,
Not a shade of aught amiss.
Are you ready ? Signal ho !
Graylocks lead—I knew it so.

LUENA.

Orlando, it is done, O fly !
Love cannot yield thee up to die.
No, no, indeed—that awful pace—
Vain, vain were Dana's bootless chase.
See how they come with necks a-bow,
Swift as the darting glazier throw.

RABBLE.

They come, they come, O mighty speed !
And see, the Graylocks easy lead.
See, see them fly—that maddened pace !
Aye, surely this the Graylocks' race !
Hurrah, hurrah ! for Doncaspan !
Hurrah, hurrah ! for horse and man !

ORLANDO.

I see them, yes, and they are gone
Like shadows on the dappled dawn.
And tho' the Graylocks steady lead,

I know there lies reserve of speed,
And that the race, will not be won
Until each travailed inch is done.

RABBLE.

Ah, here again, O mighty run !
Already have the Graylocks won,
Full half a furlong leading now,
See Caspan lift his hat and bow !
Hurrah, hurrah, for Dancaspan !
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man !

LUENA.

More speedy than wild pigeons fly,
And will that awful pace not die ?
No, no sweet love, it cannot be !
Fly darling, you are all to me !
And surely, flight alone can save
Orlando from the gaping grave.

RABBLE.

They come, they come, stand, stand away !
See how their flaming nostrils play,
Light urging now, they run at will.
And Dana trailing farther still.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Doncaspan !
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man !

ORLANDO.

Then be it so, and dust to dust,
Orlando will not fly his trust.
No, not for gold ! and not for fear,
And not for love, no, no, my dear,

For love would die degraded so
Nay darling, do not ask me go.

RABBLE.

Hail, hail, they come, they come!
And leading still, are nearing home;
One lingering league, the game is sure.
See how the mighty kings endure,
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
Hurrah, hurrah, for Doneaspan!

LUENA,

Ah, what is this? the rabble scream,
Orlando, can it be a dream?
See! Dana calls with lifting rein,
And as the lightening speeds the plain
They shoot along the oval crest
And reach the Grayloeks, breast to breast.

ORLANDO.

Doneaspan calls each noble son,
But no, alas, their race is done.
Is done, for sooth, they went amiss
In matching such a pace as this.
Now Dana calls, and like a star,
They shoot electrical and far.

Well art thou named, O Shooting Stars.
Full well beyond the draw-gate bars.
And all the court full satisfied
To yield Orlando's chosen bride.
Hear how the changeful rabble cries,
Orlando wins a prize, a prize!

RABBLE.

Hurrah, hurrah, he wins the day !
Orlando wins the Queen of May !
And Dana with his subtle plan,
Wins laurels for both horse and man.
Hurrah, hurrah, for Dana's plan !
Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man !

DONCASPAH.

Ring out the bells, and call a feast,
And sound the tocsin west and east,
For here to all the court I say,
To-morrow be their wedding day,
And duly in that hour of pride,
Doncaspan first shall kiss the bride.

Go deck the court with trappings well,
And hang the sweet-tongued floral bell ;
Bring buds of May, and berries red,
To hang above each cherished head,
And lay with carpets fresh and meet,
Reposure for the wayward feet.

Bring harpers too, and shining horn,
And let the notes of love be borne
Till each succeeding breeze shall sing
All hail to love ! that loyal king.
And every heart shall lift and move,
And mingle with the mists of love.

RABBLE.

Hurrah, hurrah, for Doncaspan !
The loser is the winning man,

Long may he live and long approve,
The nuptial rites of holy love!

SCENE FIFTH.

Interior palace hall, beautifully festooned with flowers. Large floral bell hangs over center circled seats, court officials and so each officer holds beautiful scepter wreathed with flowers, and so minister with open Bible standing near, as if just having performed marriage ceremony, of Luena and Orlando who stand under floral bell, Doncaspan steps up and puts their hands together then lay a hand on each head and bids welcome,

DONCASPAN.

So, hand in hand, the work is done.
And welcome thou my daughter, son,
Well hast thou earned the prize, my boy,
Take thy reward, 'twill bring thee joy.
Doncaspan's home is thine, and thou
His legal son by marriage vow.

Go valet, go, and Dana bring!
And these shall crown him "driver king;"
For, by his shrewd unerring way,
Orlando won the fateful day.
So is he crowned, so all report,
To this assembly of the court.

Glasses are served for a toast.

- 1st Toast — All honor to Doncaspan's son!
- 2nd Toast — All honor to the bride new won!
- 3rd Toast — All honor to proud Dana's rein!
- 4th Toast — Doncaspan leading all the train!

Court — lifting glasses — hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
To finish with song by the court or a dance as best suits players.

BEADED WINE.

O beads of the wine, ye are fabulous fine,
Like a morn in its rosiest hours;
And ye spring to my wish, like a spirit divine,
And ye dance on the brow of the rubicund wine.
Like the queen of a dew upon flowers.

And I bathe my hot lids, in the amber that dips,
To a mouth duly studded with pearl;
And I dream of the rose where the honey-bee sips,
And I dream of the bloom of the peach upon lips
As I drink to the health of my girl.

O sweet, nectar sweet! and I drink, and repeat,
'Tis a draught that I duly prefer;
Then I pause and repeat—'tis deceit, all deceit;
And I ween my true-love would not deem it were
meet
Did I love the wine better than her.

NEW STARS.

See yonder banner lift and play above the latticed
dome
And stars new found but yesterday, have made it's
field their home.
The soft winds sigh around it's mast, and through
its folds is run,

In 'crostic charm, of tender cast, the name of Washington.

Not woven of one tinsel'd thread, to glimmer through the light,

And die at eve, as day is dead, incurtained by the night;

But woven of that fadeless fame, that shineth high and far,

In memories that view the name in every shining star.

Our Washington, we breathe it loud, and quick the heart replies,

As thunder trolls the waiting cloud that wings the the summer skies.

O bless the flag! our father still, for centuries to come, On every crowning height and hill in freedom's spacious home.

We hear the trouble-dins of war sweep down the ages long,

Then from the tented fields afar we hear the freedom song.

And from the distance leading forth from summit high, and crag,

From Mexico to mystic north we meet the starry flag.

How like an angel winging fair to all the winds that rise;

The depth of ocean-blue is there — the baldric's of the skies,

The crimson of the blushing morn, and in its folding
net,
Among the shining stars is born—the name of
Lafayette.

Go bring the child of tender years, and tune the
harp anew,
And warp of song, and woof of tears, be mingled
with the blue;
Till, tender hearts, for freedom's sake, shall reach
and play their part;
Such stainless hands are fit to take that banner to
the heart.

Yes, lead the little children there, close by our
country's pride,
And tell them how and when and where—its brave
defenders died.
For it is meet that these should know the golden
reasons why—
A nation's loving hands should throw that banner to
the sky.

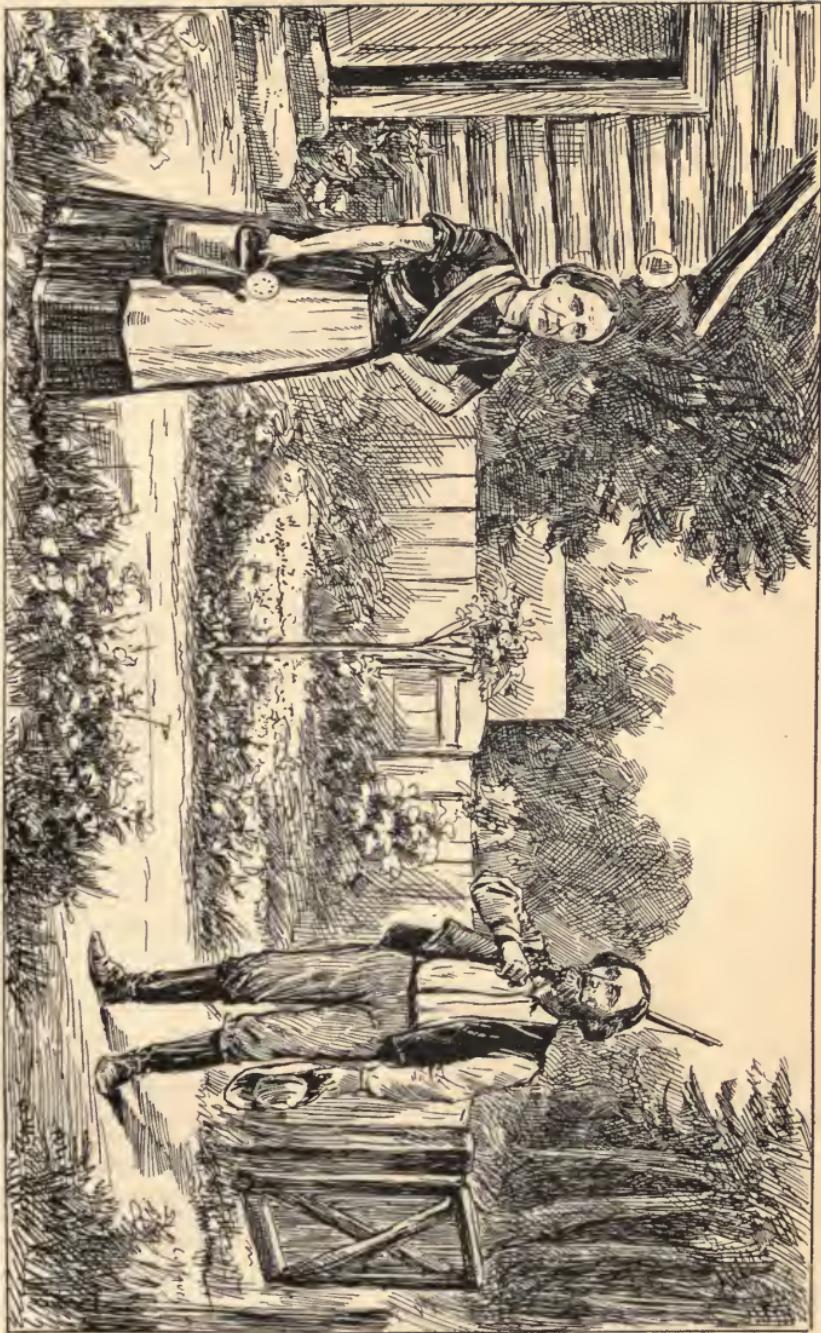
God bless the flag! a nation's trust grows stronger,
day by day,
And long above the sleeping dust of ages yet to play.
Still may our children's children come, with steps
that never lag,
And wave around love's shining home—our country's
starry flag.

Long may she wave! O, blessed boon from love to
valor given,
Till all the weaving winds shall croon thanksgiving
unto heaven;
Till each celestial star shall shine like those in summer
skies,
And weave above the rocking brine like joys of
paradise.

Lord, unto thee our faces turn, with tender praises
sown,
And while each faithful heart shall burn beside
thine altar-stone,
Do thou, O Father, bless us still, for thou alone
can bless—
And hold a nation's fevered will in ways of
righteousness.

DAVE.

Many times has the author of this little sketch, when a boy, sat by the good old grandmother (the own mother of Dave) and heard her tell of incidents happening in time of the Old Revolutionary War, and of which she was an eye witness. The old lady was "Mohawk Dutch," and always appeared quite proud of her ancestry. She died at the ripe old age of one hundred years and twelve days. Dave, the one spoken of in this little sketch, was one of the early settlers of Wisconsin. He located north of Milwaukee in the heavy timber, and was widely known throughout that section as the best rifle shot in the state, and one of the most charitable men living. Being of a very sociable disposition he was familiarly dubbed Dave by both old and young, a manner of greeting that always pleased him best, and is continued in even to this very time, when he has reached the age of seventy-one years. He is yet



DAVE.

hearty and more than a match for many of the younger men of the time.

They called him Dave, and who is Dave?
A queer conundrum, that you gave,
Why, nearly every one knows Dave!
Do you an introduction crave?
Then you shall have it—this is Dave,
Dave who? Dave who? no, no! how queer!
And you don't know him? why, Dave Freer!

Good stuff? well yes, I guess he's good,
Descendant of Old Mohawk blood,
And handy with the rifle too,
Square toed whate'er he strives to do.
Trusty and sure, a dead sure shot,
Hot tempered? yes, sometimes he's hot;
No patience with a sot or knave,
Yet tender as a child, that's Dave.

You should have seen him, long ago,
Course, Dave was younger then, you know,
And had an eye, now you just wait,
He scooped, the whole great "Badger State"
At target work, "Dan Moon" and all;
Square up and up, Dave won the call,
Why Sir! he'd drive a common nail,
Offhand, five rods, and never fail.

Well, people knew him, far and near;
Most every one—knew Dave—Dave Freer.
The smallest "kid" God ever gave,
Would greet him with a—"Hello, Dave!"

Unless it was a kid so small,
It couldn't peep the name, at all,
And not a child that knew him save
It thought its little life of Dave.

He had a heart, well understood,
Some said, "too much for his own good."
Still he would scratch, and dig, and give,
His motto—"Live, let others live."
"Twill all come right, some day, some day,"
He told them, when they couldn't pay.
He never thought to scrimp or save,
And pile up wealth—that wasn't Dave.

Full eighty miles I've known him go,
Through drifts, and frost, and driving snow,
And work his way, from door to door,
To feed and clothe the starving poor.
Haul grain, from his own scanty bin,
And throw his time and labor in.
"Some effort, some poor soul may save,"
He thought of that—yes, that was Dave.

How old? how old? you'll call it pun,
Why bless your heart, he's seventy-one!
Don't lord up so, and scowl your brow,
He'll handle you, I'll wager, now.;
You can't believe it? no, of course;
He hails from a long-lived source,
One hundred—twelve, they dig her grave,
The mother of this wonder—Dave.

Well, in that great sweet time to come,
When God shall call his children home,
And, from the anvil, forge and plow,
The forest home, the mountain brow,
The valleys and the waters wild,
Shall wake each glad and blessed child,
If deeds of good shall count to save,
There'll be no rank above our Dave.

THAT COQUETTISH RIDER.

Like a snowflake light-sailing, from ashen cloud
trailing,
When low winds are wailing across the wild moor,
My love she goes flying, o'er dew-spangles dying,
That lightly are lying in front of my door....

All lonely I listen, where dew diamonds glisten,
With splendors that christen her luminous eyes,
Lo! lightly appearing, my angel is nearing—
Her presence endearing as charms from the skies.

As sunlight all glowing, with golden glints flowing,
Its brilliancy throwing, at break of the dawn,
She still draweth nearer, and still seemeth dearer,
And sweeter and clearer affection doth fawn.

I cry ! Doth she hear me ? or doth the dove fear
me ?
Or would she not cheer me ? She still flyeth on ;

And lo ! she is darting, as quickly departing,
And tear-drops are starting ! My idol is gone.

O, why doth she flying, thus feign no descreying ?
She knows I am dying to tell her a tale.
Oh ! how I resemble the poplar leaf's tremble;
I cannot dissemble — I sicken and pale.

My breast she is thrilling, my eyes she is filling —
With crystal distilling from depth of my soul.
All lonely I wander, all pronely I ponder —
Still doth she meander beyond my control.

All lonely left lying, with sorrow and sighing,
Where humming-birds, flying, are sipping the rose,
In vain would I borrow some surcease of sorrow,
To brighten the morrow and conquer my woes.

Oh ! that her coquetting should cause me such fretting —

Such solemn regretting and torture and pain.
Oh ! that it is keeping my spirit from sleeping
Through nights of lone weeping my eyelids to stain.

And still she will dash on, sweet flow'ret of fashion,
And show no compassion in any respect —
Her steed proudly prancing her hazel eyes dancing,
With merriment glancing, my proffers reject.

Yet, changes of weather bring changes of feather,
Cold dews on the heather are drank by the sun.
With none to defend her, she, too, may grow tender,
And kindly surrender her passion for fun.

Then I may grow bolder, and shrug a cold shoulder,
And coaxingly scold her for that she hath said ;
Then kindly caress her, with cautiousness bless her,
And try to possess her. I think she would wed !

LES MAJESTE.

O, say ! give me a quarter there, some of you chaps
Any one, don't all ante ter wonct, yet p'r'aps
You might think I could use a whole pot.
Sot, sot ! did I hear ? did I hear it ? a sot ?
Well now boys, 'taint right, no it aint.
Course I don't go fur ter say I'm a saint,
But I aint any sot, none the less, an' I guess
If I am kind er poor in my manners an dress,
I ken tell when a man gits ter playin the smart.
Aint yer got any sand ? ner the sign of a heart ?
See here boys, see here, now yer might think it
queer,
But I've been with just as high up as any one here,
Yes, I've been with the best, in the big "upper ten,"
And been counted a man, right along with the men,
Had a pew in the church, and a seat in the car.
What yer blinken about ? yer big chump, over thar,
Do yer doubt what I say ? don't yer give me the lie,
Er I'm derned if I don't put a tag ter yer eye ;
Have a drink ? have a drink ? well yes—I don't mind.
Well, I guess arter all, boys, yer mean to be kind,
Pretty good, pretty good, that's the real old "Kentuck,"

That's the stuff fur the nerve, an' it's good fur the pluck,

But I aint any sot, no I aint boys, an' say—

Taint the right thing ter do, fur ter talk in that way.

No harm done, no, course it's all right boys, with me,

But some folks can't stand very much, don't yer see.

Kinder touchy, yer know, at the least little tart,

But I don't ever take any sich ter the heart.

Kinder thin skinned, yer see, as the boys used ter say,

But I don't take a joke fur ter mean in that way.

An' I aint any sot, take a nip? take a nip?

Well I reckon, yes, yes, just a shy little sip.

But yer maint go too far with the red devil, no,

That ar thing, in my youth it wur mother's great foe;

An' I kinder look back, through the long vanished years,

To me old mother's face all a streamin' with tears,

An' she used fur ter say—"Let er be John, me boy;

'Taint at all good for thee, taint the thing fur a toy;"

An' I'd just put me arm around the old lady's waist,

An' say—here, look a here, it's a thing I can taste,

Ur can leave it alone, an' you maint be afraid

Of the red bugger takin' yer boy ter the shade;

Nary a time, fur yer know—I've a will like a stone,

An' can drink when I choose, or can leave it alone.

Well, yes, I don't care if I do have a taste;

Let me see, had me arm round the old mother's waist

An' looked straight in her eyes, while I lifted her high

An' kissed off the tears, fur mother would cry,
Tho' I told her and proved to her, time and again,
That I wa'n't the least mite like the most of the men.
Poor old girl, poor old girl, well, they've laid her
away,

In the field where I used ter go makin' the hay.
Mighty good woman she, old mamma, O so fine!
Boys I guess yer aint got any mother, like mine,
Like she used fur ter be, but she's gone boys, she's
gone,

Yes, they laid her ter rest in the old orchard lawn.
But she lived fur ter learn that her John warn't a
drone,

An' could drink if he choose, an' could leave it alone.
No I aint any sot, mother dear, no I aint;
But I think on the past, an' I feel kinder faint,
An' this lump comin' up, kinder sticks in my throat.
Pass'er round boys, yer know just a bit on the float,
That's the stuff, that's the stuff, that's the real old
Kentuck'!

An' it's good fur the nerve, and it's sure fur the luck;
But yer maint go too far with the red devil, no,
Fur she'll down yer fur sure, if you give her a show.
Well I aint on the brag, never cared fur ter boast,
But I'll just take a draw, then I'll give yer a toast.
That's the stuff, that's the stuff! that's as fine as
can be,

Perty good, but yer can't get the better nor me;
Then hurrah! fur the man with a will like a stone
Who can drink when he wants, or can leave it alone.

MY AUTUMN LEAF.

I saw a fallen autumn leaf
And raised it from the ground;
Across its face a trace of grief
Was written all profound,
And on its crimson heart relief
Of autumn's awful wound.

Its texture wore a touch of green,
A faint and distant stain,
A fading glory urged between
The shades of dying pain,
Or, like a rainbow's waning sheen,
So were the colors lain.

A carbon chain its border drew,
In fringes lightly rolled,
And hemmed along a sweeter hue
Of crimson turned to gold;
Close where the wayward artist drew
His pencil manifold.

So like a dream that love had fanned
The silent charmer lay,
Respondent to that stern command
That names the dying day,
And lays the cold and dewy hand
Where living fountains play.

I know some genteel folk would say—
Ah, this were dumb and dearth,

Man only treads the flowery way,
The blessed of all the earth,
Who live beyond the little day
That nature giveth birth.

I wonder then, the touch of woe,
So fair and fully drawn,
I wonder, does the knowing know
The doubt that dares to fawn,
And lift along the shining row,
Of reason's starry dawn.

Dear little leaf, your ample page
Outspreading fair and lone,
Tells more to me, than knighted sage
Has ever dared to own;
And nearer leads the golden age
That waits before the throne.

Yea! time, the gray and dusky thief,
Will steal the fairest given;
And here we learn, how life is brief,
And sweet and swiftly riven.
Yet, I believe this dying leaf
Will live again — in heaven.

AUTUMN.

How richly dyed the wine of morn,
At rest on autumn's ruddy lips.
When gently sways the tasseled corn,
As gold beneath the green is born,
While distant sounds the drinking horn
Through all the valley slips.

Come poets, feast each fancy muse,
That loud their mellow lutes may sing,
Through days that bring contending hues,
True seasons of most holy dews,
In heraldings of happy news
O let them gaily ring.

Sing welcome to the wings of change,
Those crimson wings that autumn waves,
For down the fading heath we range
To garner from the faint and strange.
To pluck, arrange and re-arrange
The gift on summer's graves.

O, autumn ! sweet with moon and stars !
With purpled skies and crimsoned wood,
With coral reef on harbor bars,
That sound the sea of time's guitars,
While harvest rolls her golden stars
In one grand sisterhood.



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